



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

RHYMES OF THE CENTURIES

AND OTHER VERSES

F. M. HAWES

Notes, H. C. H. H. H. H.



To Dr. Hanson,
with the compliments of
Frank M. Hawes.

NB
Hawes

Rhymes of the Centuries

AND OTHER

Verses

BY

Frank Mortimer Hawes

d.

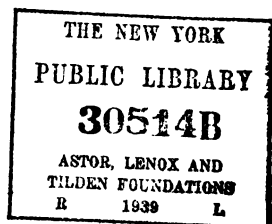


DAMRELL & UPHAM
"Old Corner Bookstore"

BOSTON

1894

G.O.



COPYRIGHT, 1894

BY THE AUTHOR



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
RHYMES OF THE CENTURIES.	
The Norsemen: A Prelude	7
Columbus	11
Balboa	13
Ponce De Leon	14
Cortez	16
Fernando De Soto	18
Coronado	21
Pedro Menendez de Arvilés, Adelantado from Spain,	23
SONNETS.	
Freedom	27
To Mr. Joshua H. Davis	28
In the Conservatory	28
Happiness	29
Genesis	30
Our Little Sally	30
Miranda	31
SUCCESS AND DEFEAT	32
MISCELLANEOUS.	
The Old Home	40
Moonlight	42
Golden-rod in August	44
Burley Woods in Spring	45

W O R 19 FEB '36

MISCELLANEOUS. — *Continued.*

PAGE.

Baby's Playthings	49
The Filthy-mantled Pool	50
Fashion	52
Modern Minstrelsy	54
A Soliloquy	57
Vacation Recalled	58
Of An Unknown Poet	60
The Rocks	61
Reclaimed	63
Dens	64
Passion	67
Discouragements	68
The Carp of Fontainebleau	69
To the Garden Nasturtium	72
A Lament	73
Selfishness	74
The First Oath	75
Lost Opportunities	75
The Golden Wedding	76
Violets in a Graveyard	77
Ruth	79
April	81
Thoughts of the Old Year	82
The Lover	83
Living	84
John's River	87
For the Children	91
Sabbath-evening Rest	95
Cheerfulness	96
La Crépuscule	97
Onward	98
Work	99

CONTENTS.

V.

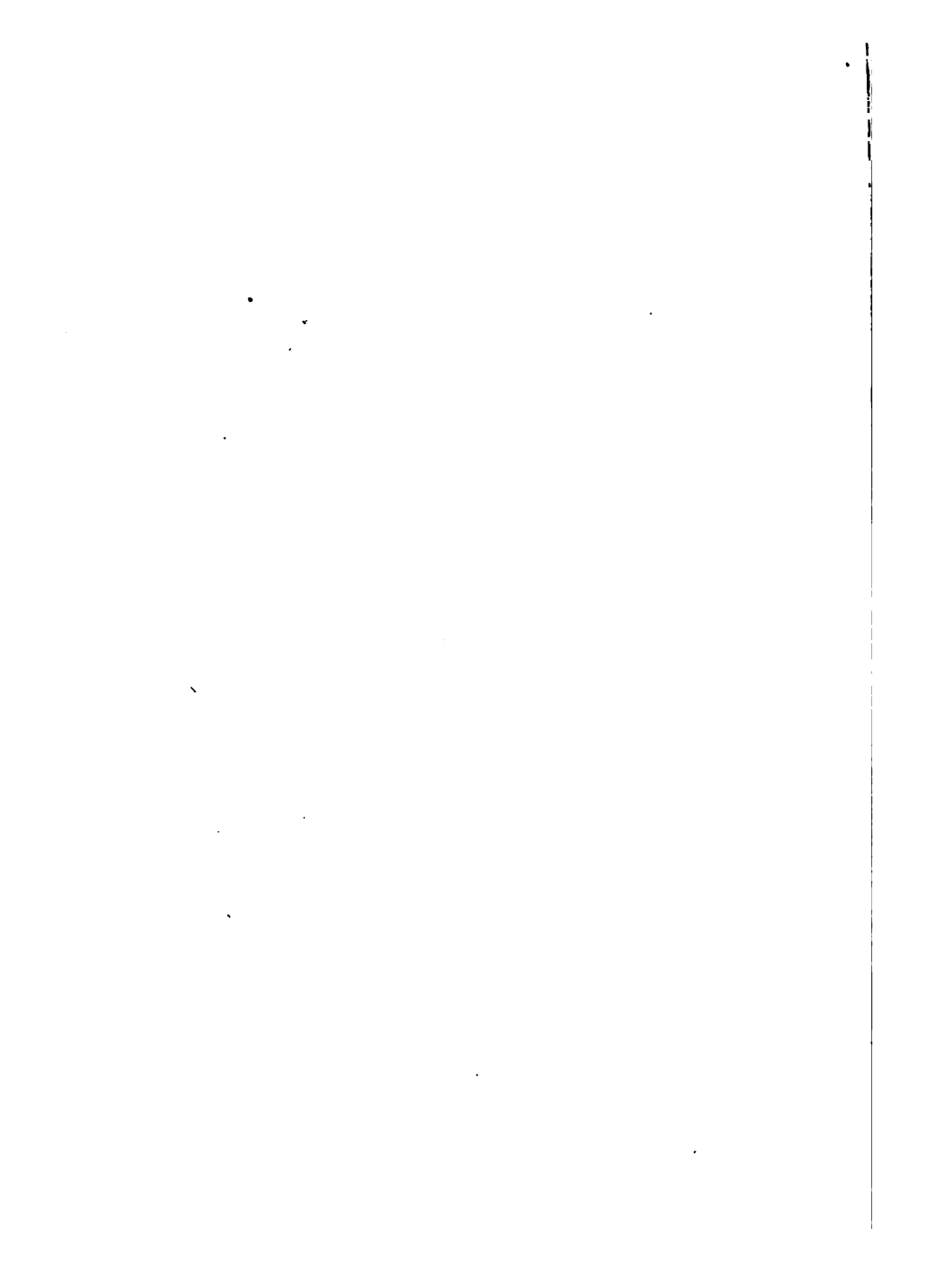
MISCELLANEOUS. — *Continued.*

PAGE.

The Dairy Maid	100
M. W. S.	101
By the Lake	102
Rebecca	104
In Memory of Miss Thompson	106
Hymn for the Thompson Memorial	107
Rev. John Murray	108

TRANSLATIONS.

Horace, Book I, Ode XXXIV	110
Horace, Book I, Ode XXI	111
Virgil's First Eclogue, Tityrus	112
Virgil's Second Eclogue, Aléxis	118
Virgil's Third Eclogue, Palæmon	123
Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, Pollio	133



RHYMES OF THE CENTURIES.

THE NORSEMEN: A PRELUDE.

In musings oft at eve,
In dreamings of the day,
Outstretched upon the beach,
With a pillow made of sand
And by ocean breezes fanned,
I have gazed across the Bay,
Far out upon the deep
Where stately vessels creep,
And the fishing-smacks come in
From the Banks so far away.

Thus, as the lights grow dim,
Perchance with drowsy eyes,
I have seen, or seemed to see,
A fleet go sailing past,
With strange pennons at the mast,

That filled me with surprise.
And as they nearer drew,
With their dragon-beaks in view,
I have heard the din of shields
And the clash of spears arise.

The rowers hold their course
Right up the shallow Bay,
And soon the black hulls stand
Upon the shelly beach,
High above the billow's reach.
And lo ! without delay,
With shout and jargon strange,
O'er hill and dale they range,
Astonished and delighted
As children at their play.

And now the merry throng
Have returned from wood and wold,
Bearing vessels huge and rude,
Filled with grapes, a precious store.
In gay groups along the shore,
Decked with garlands manifold —
Pale asters, gentian flowers,
Bright leaves from autumn's bowers —
They gladly lend their ears
To the marvels that are told.



And thus from week to week,
How long no Scald doth say,
They bring their treasures in ;
Content to feel the rays
Of a warmer sun that plays
Upon their shields all day,
As they hang useless, by
The galleys seamed and dry ;
In vineyards rich as these,
Content to live alway.

But soon, alas ! too soon,
Forth goes the dread command.
Brave Leif must be obeyed,
And once again the shore
Is silent as before.
Gone is the Viking band
To their native fjords and straits,
Where many a loved one waits.
Their keels shall touch no more
The sunny southern land.

Like to the meteor's flash
Threading its pathless way,
So on these shores of ours,
Burst that adventurous race ;
Burst, but to leave no trace,

Save timbers long the prey
Of mastering salt-sea waves,
Telling of watery graves ;
Or a pile of rude-laid stones,
Or a name still kept to-day.

So thoughts come thronging in
Upon the poet's brain ;
But before they can be tamed,
Can find abiding place,
They depart, and leave no trace ;
And peace might reign again.
But he never can forget,
Must ever feel regret ;
With the sense of untold loss
Will mingle that of pain.

COLUMBUS.

I. ANTICIPATION.*

Behold him seated at the harbor's pier.
O Genoa, it is thy gifted son,
Who notes each argosy as one by one
They leave their anchorage without a fear,
Or draw from out the dim horizon near.
His swelling heart can tell its tale to none ;
The conflicts there must all alone be won,
And not without great sorrow, many a tear.
Thy morning toil, thy evening tasks, forsake,
Great hero of a world, nor be amazed.
The future of thy glory shall partake,
Thy deeds by unborn nations shall be praised.
O Genoa, then wast thou most awake,
When he, the young Columbus, dreaming gazed !

II. REALIZATION.

Years pass, success is almost near at last ;
For days those little west-bound barks have seen
Strange sights, a glassy sea, with leaves all green
Borne out as greetings from an unknown vast.

* Suggested by the statue of the young Columbus in the Art Museum of Boston.

The glad word comes from watchmen at the mast,
And "Land! land! land!" with thanks to God
between,
Is passed along the line. With quiet mien
The great commander orders anchors cast,
And stepping forth he kneels to kiss the strand.
A great day, say ye, for that sea-tossed crew,
For Isabella and the Spanish land,
The day that brought this New World into view?
Aye, truly, but conceive the tremor of his hand
Who rears that cross! The dream at last is true!

III. REMUNERATION.

Again unrolls the curtain of the years.
Behold — our hero, admiral so great,
Now sits in chains. Gone is his high estate,
And death alone will end the bitter tears.
Who dare affirm what vision now appears,
When sorrowing Age sits thus disconsolate?
Are there no pangs, no griefs for the sad fate
Of slaves whose cry no ear of pity hears?
Who scourged them for the color of their face,
Who robbed them of their homes and of their peace?
Discoverer of worlds, couldst thou efface
That blot upon thy record! When will cease
The woe to nations and the deep disgrace?
From ignorance, O God, men's hearts release!

BALBOA.

Onward, Spaniard ! From yon height
There shall greet thy weary sight
Vision fairer than the day
When the night has passed away ;
Vision waiting just for thee,
Blue of sky and blue of sea ;
Boundless waters, endless shore,
Seen by no man ere before ;
Recompense for days of pain ;
Learn thy toil is not in vain.

Forward, Spaniard ! and like thee,
In our purpose would we be.
Ceaseless, tireless in our might,
We shall reach the wished-for height ;
View an unknown ocean vast,
For its beauty unsurpassed ;
Catch a verdant reach of shore
Never half conceived before.
Thou achievedst endless praise ;
Endless peace shall crown our days.

PONCE DE LEON.

Ponce de Leon, so they say,
Old, infirm, and almost spent.
Sailed him east and sailed him west,
Gave himself nor joy nor rest ;
 On a mission strangely bent.

Then from out a Spanish port,
With a bold adventurous crew,
Westward steered he once again
O'er the wild Atlantic main,
 Till the New World met his view.

Praised be God ! for now he hears
Of a land of birds and flowers
Where the sun doth ever beam.
Sure the fountain of his dream
 Must be hid within its bowers.

Soon he nears the silvery coast,
And debarking 'gins his search,
On the sacred Easter Day —
Lovely *Pascua florida* —
 Claiming all for Holy Church.

Vainly seeks he many a day ;
Hope is yielding now to fears.
Like a phantom of the night,
Seems it ever near in sight,
 But no fount of youth appears.

Then, disheartened at the cost,
(Men rebellious — many dead)
Few in numbers, back he wends,
Caring little what God sends,
 For he feels that hope is fled.

Ponce de Leon, old and gray,
What a sad mistake was yours !
Not to know that fountain clear
Which so often seemed so near,
 Is the heart which e'er endures ;

Hopeth all things to the end,
Keepeth young because it must,
Feels the well-spring bubbling high,
Never lacking in supply,
 Of pure faith and loving trust.

Ponce de Leon, here today
Men still search the wide world through.
At the end dissatisfied,
They have laid them down and died. —
 We are just the same as you !

CORTEZ.

The Spaniard swooped down like a demon of night,
In visage of steel and dark panoply dight.
Destruction and death marked his path like the wake
Of the red lava streams that from volcanoes break.

How green lay the valleys of old Mexico !
How proudly her mountains with summits of snow
Looked down on a people of palaces, fanes,
Of which scarce a vestige of glory remains !

With arquebuse, cannon, and gleaming of blades
The marauder pressed on through the dark everglades ;
And carnage, like wild-fire, sped on with alarm,
Where in peace grew the mangrove, the yucca and palm.

Through high teocalli and Axayacatl
Rose the din of the shields and the deadly flame's
crackle.
Ah, brief was the conflict ! but its glory survives,
For bravely they fought for their homes and their lives.

Her idols lie low mid the vine and the brake ;
Her martyrs and heroes will never awake ;
Yet brave Guatemozin, her prince and her pride,
In the courts of Valhalla will ever reside.

Gay trogans resplendent in richest of sheen,
Fit emblems of royalty's greatness, I ween,
Still flit in her bowers, tho' the conqueror's fame
Lies in dust, and of Astecs there's nought but a name !

FERNANDO DE SOTO.

Great Mississippi, sire of floods and streams,
What secrets lurk within thy oozy depths,
To sleep the sleep of dark oblivion !
That nameless host, disaster's multitude, .
Who lay them down within their slimy beds
Are part and parcel of thy majesty ;
Out of their nothingness thy spirit grows.
No wonder that the savage worshipped thee !

But one there came, the child of accident,
Of visage grim, dark-hued and brief of speech,
Who found thee, knew thee, as no man before.
Regardless of his own and other's weal,
He with his cavaliers — the flower of Spain —
Marched slowly on, but surely, as if fate,
In tricky guise of *ignis fatuus*
Were luring him to heaps of shining gold.
Tho' one by one, from perils of the way,
Men cried a halt, or wearily gave Death
The victory, De Soto, without fear,
Relentlessly, kept face toward the sun,
Whose every setting saw his ranks grow less.
(Like many a sturdy band's from then till now,
Whose Westward, ho ! has vanished into night.)

But when thy tide, O River, met his view,
Not all the wealth of India could arouse
His toil-wracked body and his fevered brain.
Then silently, with scarce a friendly tear
To dim the eyes that saw thy billows part,
The stern discoverer went down, to find
His long reward, a watery grave, in thee !

Still rolled the mighty current as of old,
Save that a breath was in the stilly air,
And every creature of that wilderness
Put on a look expectant, everywhere
Excitement reigned and trackless forests round
Felt the sad coming of that visitant ;
As when a pebble roughs some glassy lake
With circling wavelets that will quickly take
The stone's intrusion to the farthest shore ;
Or bending grasses of the prairie bear
The playful touch of summer gales afar.

The rapid years roll on, too swift, alas !
For e'en these uneventful fastnesses.
And now will come one from the unknown north,
To set up crosses all adown his way,
And claim the land for his vivacious race.
Anon, along thy tributaries vast,
Great Father of all waters, thou wilt know
A hardy race of eastern pioneers.
And then, how soon, but not without great cost,
The forest lists to tramp of flying feet,

And thy broad current, tireless River, bears
To wilder haunts and freer hunting-grounds
Brave Natchez, Choctaws, Cherokees, or Creeks,
One after other from their homes for aye !
Now puffs of smoke and screeching whistles wake
Strange echoes as strange vessels stately creep
Around the windings of thy gentler ways ;
Or melodies from dusky throats break forth
In sweet plantation strains ; as in deep wood,
Some lonely hermit thrush, to thrill the soul
That listens and admires.

Wars will arise,
And death and fearful carnage waste thy shores,
And brothers' fury will old ties forget.—

De Soto's reign of action and of might
Begun in silence, but with certain growth
Of some rank century flower, today holds sway !

CORONADO.

“Coronado, Coronado?
That’s a very pretty word ;
Sweetest name I ever heard.
Pray, who was this Coronado?”
Thus inquired a winsome boy
Who had left his little toy,
To inspect the atlas lying
On my knee, whilst I was trying
To trace out, from welcome letters,
That had made us all their debtors,
Where dear friends were now delaying,
Who had very long been straying
In our western Italy.

Then with voice that showed bravado,
To display my little lore
And to make it seem the more,
I discoursed on Coronado!
All my pedagogic spirit
Which has caused dull youth to fear it,
Made me, so it seemed to me,
Inspiration’s dominie!
Much I said as lubrication
Of the mighty Spanish nation ;

Of their thirst and greed for money,
Of their deeds, so far from funny ;
Placing forth in darkest setting
All their vices, quite forgetting
 Who it was that sat with me !

 How beyond the Colorado,
First Alarçon, next Carbrillo,
From some place — perhaps Truxillo —
 Shared the fame with Coronado.
How with zeal that hither bore
Brave De Vaca years before,
He the dreary deserts wended,
Many an unknown stream ascended,
Traced the Gila, and by land,
Found the source of Rio Grande.
Then how these or their successors,
Of the soil became possessors.
How one Ruyz, priest or friar,
Without money, without hire,
 Wrought for Christianity.

 How within this El Dorado,
East as far as Santa Fé,
West to the Pacific's sway,
 (Kind saints bless thee, Coronado !)
Holy men with patient faces
Taught the native Indian races ;

Set up many a school or mission ;
For their sins showed deep contrition ;
In their vineyards toiled and rested ;
Came and went, all unmolested —
Here I rested, for my boy
Long had turned him to his toy.
To my side again he glided,
And set forth his views decided. —
How my pride fell suddenly !

PEDRO MENENDEZ DE ARVILÉS, ADELANTADO FROM SPAIN.

Far in that southern wilderness
Where St. John's windeth to the sea,
The children of Fort Caroline,
From persecution's terror free,
Played in and out the jessamine bowers,
Or plucked the chaste magnolia flowers ;
From morn till eve, through all the hours
Their hearts were wild with glee.

But as beneath festoons of moss
Stepped pious matron, timid maid,
An unvoiced terror seemed to creep
From out the silent everglade.

Not thine, O France, the liberal hand
To plant for any exiled band
Religious freedom in our land,
With nought to make afraid !

E'en in that briefest hour of peace,
Looked forth an evil, jealous eye ;
The Cross had claimed that soil for Spain
And heretics must surely die.
Surrounded by his henchmen bold,
Paid from his coffers bursting gold,
Menendez, with a hate untold,
In caravels doth fly

Across the deep with steady course ;
As sped the deadly serpents bright
Toward Laocoön the just
When Troy succumbed to Grecian might.
And first, to gain some vantage ground
With aid of hostile tribes around,
St. Augustine he quick doth found.
Like mushrooms in the night

Arose that fortress grim, whose walls
Could many a bloody tale unfold ;
For here, upon this virgin soil,
Were men as slaves first bought and sold.

Forth from his lair with stealthy tread,
Upon his fiendish work he sped ;
His victims woke one morning dread
 To terrors manifold.

No owl's wild hoot, no sentry's cry !
 They woke from peaceful slumbers deep.
They woke to find no safety nigh
 But in the bastion's dizzy leap.
Was there no rescuing hand to save ?
Where was Jean Ribaut, good and brave ?
No mercy save the bloody grave !
 No time to plead or weep !

And Bigotry upon the throne
 Read o'er the news with gloating eye.
" Say to him that he hath done well,"
 Dark Philip bade them make reply.
With blood Menendez's brain is crazed.
Again his vengeful arm is raised,
For heaven be thanked, the Virgin praised,
 The Lutherans are nigh !

Jean Ribaut and his shipwrecked men,
 As if by cruel fate misled,
With flag of truce crave clemency
 From him they well have learned to dread.

The lying promise quick is made ;
But when within his power, dismayed,
They catch the gleaming of the blade
By which their friends had bled.

The horrors of that wicked time
In vain the pen would strive to tell.
Thrice sped the message to the king,
And thrice it pleased that monarch well.
Oh, blind with avarice and pride,
Revenge comes on with certain stride.
No peace can in such hearts reside,
Nought but the deepest hell !

“ Vengeance is mine, I will repay.”
The Lord of Hosts has spoken thus,
And all who in the darkness grope,
Can trust the Arm that’s over us.
Upon old Spain’s proud palace wall
A hand hath writ her doom — not small :
“ A failure ! failure ! failure, all ! ” —
O Europe’s Incubus !

SONNETS.

FREEDOM.

'Neath tropic skies for many a weary year
The patient bondsman to his hard task bends ;
Sustained by hope which sweet religion sends
He fondly trusts that freedom's morn is near,
And thoughts of blissful rest his spirits cheer,
As sunshine ever and anon descends
Through fleeting banks of cloud and, welcome, lends
Light, warmth and gladness to the landscape drear.

And thus the longing soul in body thrall
Looks ever forward to that mighty sea —
Whose tidal waters calmly rise and fall
Upon the shores of vast eternity —
Where freed from bondage and earth's prison-wall
It can sail on and on forever free.

TO MR. JOSHUA H. DAVIS.

Horace, great master of the Roman lyre,
In classic line that Time has kept so well,
Oft sings the virtues and the magic spell
Of wine Falernian, or the grape of Chia,
Mellowed by years, to suit the heart's desire
Of epicures who of its praises tell,
And love to catch of garlands sweet the smell
Which from the crownéd beakers doth aspire.
But Time doth mellow other things than wine.
Our hearts, dear friend, have felt his touch, nor may
Sweet memories, affections, yours and mine —
The flowers that crown the cup — soon fade away.
Oh, may men say of my life, as of thine :
“Time, the great ripener, is praised today !”

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

I like these orchids not, they haunt me so ;
And yet it was not thus in early days
When lady's-slipper cheered the woodland ways.
But these exotics that so garish throw
Their arms and in this heat so bask and grow,

Cause me to start, as this one when it lays
Its head across my shoulder, all ablaze,
With breath that from the jungle seems to blow.
Yet when I see thee pass among them, dear,
A fairer flower, meseems, than all the rest,
The swamps of Amazon could bring no fear,
And all its wilds would be supremely blest,
If thou so fondly cherished wert but near.—
Old faces like old flowers I love the best.

HAPPINESS.

O Happiness, thou art no idle dream,
No phantom to elude our longing grasp,
Just as our arms enfold thee in their clasp.
To each a sweet, real presence thou dost seem ;
To him who catches but a moment's beam
Of thy fair face, and then with dying gasp
Puts on a look of peace forevermore
Where toil and grief had left their scars before ;
Or to the one who deemeth all his days
Sin-free, and holds himself as one elect
And safe, well worthy of his Maker's praise !
The simplest and the wisest can detect
Thee, Happiness. Yet who could all thy ways
And hundred guises — save but one — suspect ?

GENESIS.

O Thou, all beings' source and end in one,
Who gav'st a universe its mighty plan,
And out of chaos order brought for man,
Thine the decree sublime from heaven let fall :
" Let there be light," and light was over all.
Creation slept, but in Thine own good hour,
Earth bloomed and myriad creatures praised Thy power,
For all was very good which Thou had'st done.
And then to crown the great design for aye,
From elemental dust, as part of earth,
To spirit joined — the godlike to betray —
And with Thine image stamped, of priceless worth,
To help him all along his heavenly way,
Thou mad'st a child and man himself had birth.

OUR LITTLE SALLY.

Whose loveliness sing I? Why, Sally's, sure.
Find me a little maid with brow more fair
And white, o'ertopped with such a crown of sunny hair,
Well trained one ardent lover to allure.
Yet eyebrow, ringlet, lovely forehead pure,

Must with her other charms the honor share,
O'ershadowing, not hiding beauties rare,
Enough to make a siren's name endure.
I sing the splendor of her dark brown eyes
Whose every glance my very bosom thrills.
Ye liquid deeps, ye orbs that look so wise,
I do adore you quite. Though passion fills
You now, yet not for me your beauty dies ;
And when a tear doth start, your sweetness kills.

MIRANDA.

Delighted wonder sits upon your brow,
And that clear nature bred of innocence
Which thinks no evil, breathes not an offence,
Shines from your eyes. Whatever gifts endow
The human mind with grace, — no matter how,
Nor what the potent art to fill the heart
With purest feelings, cause the tear to start
In sympathy, — all lovers will allow
Are yours ; and yours true woman's dignity,
In closest bonds which none would wish to sunder,
With all a guileless child's simplicity.
Enchantment's wand, the music and the thunder
Of that fair isle, a father's love so free,
Reared much-admired Miranda,—“ O you wonder ! ”

SUCCESS AND DEFEAT.

I.

Our lives are books, the old man said,
For all to read at life's decline.
So read I one, close bound with mine,
Of him now numbered with the dead.

Old age thinks not of cares and years,
In living over childhood's days ;
Remembers not life's darkened ways,
Nor manhood saddened with its tears.

To linger in that garden-time,
How like some holy day of rest,
That calms the soul and leaves it blest
With visions of a happier clime !

And if two hearts once beat as one,
What wonder old age doth forget,
And in its dreaming dreameth yet,
And fondly thinks life just begun ?

II.

Firm friends since children at our play,
And classmates in our school-boy years,
Twin brothers in our hopes and fears,
Together had we sped life's way.

Alike in tastes, aspiring high,
We entertained our day-dreams bright,
And built rich castles with delight,
When not a cloud was in our sky.

But growing years have put to flight
The dreamings of those happy hours.
Our castles faded as the flowers
That bloom a day then die at night.

Untaught and strangers to the world,
We stood expectant at its door.
With Youth behind, with Life before,
And Manhood's banner just unfurled.

III.

His was the poet's heart of fire,
And from his eyes flashed out a light
That, some day, thought I with delight,
Shall satisfy my fond desire.

To nature's moods attuned, his heart
 So simple, fond, in her found rest.
 She was his mistress unconfessed,
His brightest vision's counterpart.

Though fired with great deeds to be wrought,
 His eye on common things was bent ;
 The dew-wet meadow grasses lent
A greater charm than pageants brought.

Thus I, a lesser light, awoke
 To glories of the earth and sky
 That had been nought but mystery,
Had not his charm the secrets broke.

Philosophy with devious ways,
 Of love or zeal aroused no spark ;
 No lantern-groping in the dark
Could satisfy his soul ablaze.

Two-sided Logic might resent
 His cool neglect, his stolid look.
 He said no dull, black-letter book
Could fire him with its argument.

Religion with its creed and sect,
 Of this or that seemed not the choice,
 But rather some sweet inner voice
Cheering this world on to the next.

He bent, nor braved the chastening rod,
Felt not the worst or best of men,
But prayed for wisdom, goodness, then
Relied in faith on nature's God.

V.

So passed the halcyon time.
Our walks through lanes and shady wood,
Our talks — not always understood —
Now haunt me like some ancient rhyme.

It was the springtime of all joy,
Each freshening breeze, each song-bird's note
Sank deep into our hearts and wrote,
“These hours can never know alloy.”

We paced the curvings of the bay,
The sea-sands yielding to our feet.
It was the last time we might meet ;
The dawn would find him far away.

Our steps lag with the clinging sand,
And words come strangely slow as well.
We count the sea-gulls, strive to tell
What distant barques will come to land.

The wavelets breaking on the beach
Rise higher with the rising tide,
With each success dissatisfied.
This turned his thought to speech.

They were an emblem at their play
Of human aspirations bright.
Defeat with ever-fresh delight
Should urge man up his stony way.

Hopeful he looked across the blue
That hedged our sight, half wave, half sky ;
A sound of hope each sea-bird's cry —
But swift as they the moments flew.

Enrapt, I listened, felt the spell
Such words at such a time can give.
With him away how could I live !
Yet with a smile we said "Farewell."

VI.

Quickly the hours fade out of sight
When life is young and hearts beat strong.
He wrote, "I will be home ere long,"
And not a doubt came with the night.

Days speed away on merry wing,
But not a shadow, not a fear
Can sadden now my life of cheer.
He comes not, yet I laugh and sing.

No sign. No word. Years come and go.
Sparkles the bay before my door ;
The barques are sailing as of yore.—
My head is whiter than the snow.

My cup is full, a passing breeze
 May cause the goblet to o'errun ;
 Yet still I'll wait till set of sun. —
O Time, why play such tricks as these !

VII.

A lonely sea-mew hither led,
 Worn out with tempests fierce and wild,
 I found one morn when still a child
Out on the rocks all cold and dead.

Like her last notes the waves above,
 All plaintive with its miles of flight,
 Oh, can it be I hear aright ?
A message comes from him I love.

It was a cry of deep distress ;
 I must not chide his long neglect.
 I must not blame a life-time wrecked,
Nor measure his by my success.

He had been prospered. Fortune, fame
 At first had claimed him as their own.
 All wealth could give had graced his home,
And happy children blessed his name.

But griefs had come and joys had flown ;
 The loved were dead, and desolate
 He sat beside his cheerless grate,
Or walked through tangled paths alone.

And would I for old friendship's sake
Resign my ease and come to him?
With tears my aged eyelids swim,
As memories of the past awake.

I went, and found not what my hope,
But what my fears had pictured true.
The face was not the face I knew,
But that of some dark misanthrope.

The haggard cheek, the sunken eye,
Bespoke their wealth of pain and loss —
Life's golden ore had turned to dross —
They pleaded for my sympathy.

We walked the silent hours away.
Our hearts too full for questioning ;
But bars to speech were lessening,
And night-fall gave me power to say:

VIII.

" I ask not why this sagging roof,
This masonry of damp and mould.
It is not that your home is old —
Nay, do not fear I mean reproof.

Grown wise with years, I hold it sin
To measure failure with my blame.
My own mis-steps have taught the same,
And made me more to grief akin.

I knew you once a man of taste ;
 These walks and lawns have been your pride —
 I will not name what else beside —
I do not wonder at the waste.

But cast the shadow from your brow,
 The waste may blossom as the rose.
 As crocuses amid the snows,
Break through the gloom that shrouds you now.

My words are powerless I know,
 And cries are vain in time of wreck,
 But only lean upon my neck
And feel the heart that beats below."

IX.

When hope is dead, in vain we try
 To lecture back the mind astray ;
 But with thy help we something may,
And heaven bless thee, sympathy !

A silent messenger that night
 Brought peace and rest, a plenteous store.
 His face had found the look of yore,
But sweeter now with new-found light.

Blest be our hopes and blest the rod.
 So mused the watcher by the clay.
 Doubting and anguish last a day,
Then comes eternity with God !

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE OLD HOME.

I know an old house low and brown
Snug in a valley girt with trees ;
Dark locusts hide it from the town,
And willow branches guard its eaves.

Close by a brook that turned a mill
Sports with its eddies one by one ;
For years the mill-wheel has been still,
For ages will the brooklet run.

The sun lilts in across the floor,
And hayfields waft their fragrance near ;
The barn-fowl cackle at the door,
And homely cow-bells tinkle clear.

Rose-bush and clover by the roads
Rich with their honey lure the bee ;
While orioles from their high abodes
Pour out the hearts glad melody.

Here happy children romped and played ;
Here, too, the round of household cares ;
And time hath here deep inroads made, —
As well have peace and love made theirs.

And when the twilight settles down,
And through the gloaming stars find way,
An added sweetness seems to crown
The dear old spot from day to day.

Dream out your winter snows, old home,
Dream in the springtime bright and clear.
In summer welcome those who roam
With old-time love to old-time cheer.

Happy the man, 'mid toil and heat,
To whom a foretaste thus is given
Of rest and calm in earth's retreat,
So like the peace we seek in heaven !

MOONLIGHT.

No sound except the cricket's ceaseless chirp.
How calmly on the scene the moon looks down,
And smiling seems to say,
"Sleep, world, thy cares away!"

The moon's soft light hath power to soothe the heart
Of grief and pain, and fill it with a trust
In Him who loves us all,
E'en notes the sparrow's fall.

O guardian of the night serene, sublime,
Thy journeyings never end and never tire!
What of thy dwelling-place,
Unfathomable space?

Though nearest neighbor to our earth, thou art
As silent to us as the suns that roll
Beyond the ken of man,
Unknown save in God's plan.

We joy to see thy smile again, when clouds
Which shroud the sky and keep thy face from sight
Are scattered by the gales
That drive their shadowy sails.

E'en so the smile of God on darkened minds
Will break, and rouse to newer life the soul.
 Man's heart, the earth within,
 The clouds, oppressing sin.

And though it seem, sometimes, that favoring winds
Would never thrust aside the gloomy foe,
 Yet still that smile of love
 Is shining from above.

GOLDEN-ROD IN AUGUST.

Golden-rod, rich golden-rod,
 Give me of your store,
As you nod your plume-like heads,
As you lift your sunny heads,
 To welcome me once more.

Golden-rod, gay golden-rod,
 Would you cheer a fellow,
As you deck the roads and lanes,
As you carpet thick the lanes,
 With your wealth of yellow?

Golden-rod, bright golden-rod,
 You must yield your store,
For with autumn rich and red,
By the autumn gaudy-red,
 You will be no more !

BURLEY WOODS IN SPRING.

A wood-path I remember well
Where just enough of sun comes down
To glorify the grass now sere,
And warm the withered oak leaves brown,
Sad relics of last year.

Broad vistas open here and there ;
Itself as wide, a glistening track
Conducts the cattle to the brook,
Or leads the happy children back
From many a haunt and nook.

Here as the genial days increase
And soft showers gladden all the earth,
Will spring from out the lifeless mould
Full many a flower of quiet birth,
Life's miracle untold.

Oft have these nurslings of the wood
Surprised me wandering their way,
Not dreaming that my steps should turn
To where their mangered sweetness lay
Low watched by grass or fern.

Wee violet and two-leaved seal,
The ground-nut, crane's-bill, low cinquefoil,
Or fragile-stemmed anemone,
Rewards of playful search and toil,
All in their time I see.

With childish joy and welcome true
As ever greeted well-known face,
I've come on funny jacks, may be,
Or lady's-slippers, out of place,
And shouted in my glee.

"Springtime is with us once again,"
A bird is singing from the tree,
And nimble squirrels know it well,
And by their eye-glance seem to me
The gladsome news to tell.

Could path, or birds, or brooklet blab
Their secrets — Oh, what histories !
But no, these groves like those of old
Where Druids wrought their mysteries,
Keep all in blissful hold.

My tongue shall never, never tell
Aught of surmise that comes to me,
In whisperings of the balmy air,
Of lovers plighted 'neath this tree,
Or friendships broken there.

It is no secret how from school,
All, children in our thought and mood,
By twos, by dozens, yes, like sheep
We made our Mecca to the wood —
Oh, shall I laugh or weep ?

Laugh at dull Science crowded out
All on account of boisterous mirth ;
Laugh at the weary homeward pace,
The withered flowers now little worth,
And many a sun-burned face.

Weep at the thought of vanished years,
Of youth that never will return ;
And eyes whose brightness since has fled,
Leaving us here to mourn and yearn
For them our early dead.

Today, tho' vain the selfish wish
Has come to have them back once more,
My heart has comfort found more pure
Than ever it has dared before,
Which cannot but endure.

I tread this forest aisle, the dome
Of God's great church around, above,
And reverently from either side
Gather these tokens of a love
That ever will abide.

Each wood-note to my willing ear
Seems but to voice a glad refrain ;
These odors of the freshening earth
Distilled by sun-heat and by rain,
Breathe forth the Second Birth.

And walking onward in my faith,
Tho' shadows now and then may lower,
I'll call them blessed means for good
Until that final springtime hour
Shall make all understood.

BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.

Our little baby, ten months old,
 Wearied with playing, falls asleep,
Whilst tender eyes with a love untold
 Over his slumbers sweet watch keep.

On the carpet scattered about
 Just as he left them, smiling sweet,
Lie playthings in a mimic rout,
 And both shoes kicked from his tiny feet.

A fond hand gathers them carefully up,
 But not till a sympathizing tear
Falls for those who have drunk of a cup
 Whose bitterness lasteth many a year ;
Who have picked up the toy and little shoe,
 And laid them sacredly away
With a pang that only mothers know,
 A sorrow that may be ours some day.

But a trusting smile dispels the fear ;
 "God's will be done, He knoweth best."
And with holier love our hearts draw near
 The dear one taking his noon-tide rest.

THE FILTHY-MANTLED POOL.

Low-sleeping by a hillside wood
Where sunset throws long shadows cool,
And stars at nightfall scarce are seen —
So thick above the leafy screen —
There lies a miry pool.

Dank grasses hide the yielding sod
Amid rank ozers lithe and red;
And dead leaves scattered from the trees,
Once sport for every passing breeze,
Here find a watery bed.

Sweet-flag and lilies sweeter still
Endeared the spot in childhood's days;
And sweeter birds have never sung
For those who rove the woods among
Than here were heard always.

Now, when I tread the forest-slopes,
Or fern-banks clad in dewy grace,
Around, above, a deathlike chill
Bred from the waters seems to fill
The solitary place.

Hither my footsteps oft will roam
As when a boy let loose from school.
The fascination will not pass,
Tho' lilies and the sweet-flag grass
No longer deck the pool.

O vale once bright with sun and birds,
I'll yield no longer to your rule!
A life undarkened hitherto
Shall never pattern after you,
O murky, stagnant pool!

FASHION.

Fashion sits on her gilded throne,
Twirling a curl ;
Rare diamonds sparkle on her breast,
Her neck is encircled with pearl.

Fashion smiles on her votaries,
Bending the knee ;
They throng the taper-lighted hall,
And the splendor is fair to see.

Sweet music fills the vaulted rooms,
And dancing feet
Are revelling away the night
Which dawn is beginning to greet.

Queen of a hundred realms is she,
Fair potentate ;
With pride she lifts her jewelled wand
As she thinks of her high estate.

But not so lovely she who sits
Twirling a curl,
As one who lives across the way,
A bright-eyed, laughing, peasant girl.

For Fashion's face is wrinkled quite
 With age and care ;
Her step is feeble, so they say,
And the silver is threading her hair.

And is she sad, and does she think
 Of death, decay ?
A moment perhaps ere she eagerly cries :
" On with feasting, let us be gay !

My reign shall be a joyous one,
 Live while ye may ;
The present is ours ; we'll have no thought
For tomorrow or yesterday."

The courtiers clap their hands and shout :
 "Dance night away.
We've found the secret of life, which is
To be merry and live today ! "

Behind the throne some wise ones sigh :
 " Insanity ! "
And Sundays, yawning throngs will list
To the court preacher's " Vanity ! "

MODERN MINSTRELSY.

SHE.

Sing me an old song, dearest,
Of the days of chivalrie.
Be thou the minstrel with thy harp
In this good companie !

HE.

Thou'art obeyed, fair ladye,
Since none are by to hear,
Thine eyes shall be my audience
And inspiration dear.

SONG.

The red wine floweth freely
And laughter fills the hall ;
The hounds are sniffing at the spurs,
Impatient for the call.

The hawk upon his perch doth blink
And shaketh out his wings ;
All wait the coming of their lord
And the tidings that he brings.

Below, within the buttery,
 Stout yeomen quaff the ale,
And merrily the shout goes round
 At many a well-told tale.

But long shall be your waiting,
 Stout hearts, your courage show ;
Your master lieth cold and still,
 Down in the tarn below.

His winding horn no more shall ring,
 Nor steed neigh at his call,
And silence fills my lady's bower,
 And silence fills the hall.

Was it dark Robert's vengeful hand
 That aimed the cross-bow true,
Or was it work of gramarye
 A loving master slew ?

Weep, little page, the casement well
 Doth hide thee from all sight.
No truer heart is filled with woe
 At the doings of that night.

The monk will shrive us every one,
 Who pass his cell within ;
The good God knoweth every heart
 And where to find the sin.

SHE.

Enough, thou sad-voiced harper,
Now by the soul of me,
Mine eyes inspire thee strangely
To call such strains from thee.

HE.

Some hearts are gayest seeming sad,
'Tis thus my love I vow ;
The minstrel's blood is now well warmed,
What guerdon, sweet, giv'st thou ?

A SOLILOQUY.

Change, change,
How great thy power !
A battle rageth
One short hour
And thousands strew the ground !

Years, years,
How swift your flight !
Like sunny day
And solemn night,
Your seasons come and go !

Life, life,
How short thine hour !
The seed springs up
And soon the flower
Has fallen from its stem !

Time, time,
How ceaseless roar
Thy waves which break
Upon the shore,
Eternal shore of strife !

VACATION RECALLED.

Dear friends, who made the summer one long and
blissful day,
I cannot, would not, in my work, forget those hours
of play.
Vacation scenes and rambles, be with me through the
year ;
Let the mind's eye feast on glories past, and mine ears
thy music hear.
Let those sunsets crown the cloudy days that now
come, or soon will lower ;
Let those woodland shades and breezes cool the brow
now wearied for an hour.
But let the memory of one afternoon be greener than
all the rest,
For then, for one glad moment, my soul seemed for-
ever blest.
'Twas the day we went to the swamp-wood (in summer
the cattle's retreat)
Through a road, cut for logging in winter, paved with
moss yielding soft to our feet.
How wild seemed the opens about us ! Enraptured
we passed with a bound

From one bed of wild flowers to another ; what a
treasure of beauty was found !
Standing high was the rue of the meadow ; low down
were rare orchids a store ;
Sweet grass-pinks and fair arethusas, as strange as
their haunts heretofore.
All too soon, our arms full of blossoms, we stood by
the shores of a lake,
Whose borders secureless and sodden, were rank with
thick bramble and brake.
That moment, and all was deep silence — when will
come that hush again ? —
We heard on the lilies the patter of the softly falling
rain.
And then as if born of the stillness, a flood of new
light filled the brain,
And out of the hush came a voice that might ever in
slumber have lain.
With a thrill, as if sent from the land where dwell our
loved ones now dead,
'Mid the awful silence around me, in the sweetest of
whispers it said :
“ Oh, the ecstasy of living ! Oh, the depth of nature's
calm !
Thou shalt live, O soul, forever. Peace be thine and
nought shall harm.”

OF AN UNKNOWN POET.

In vain this poet struck the lyre ;
The hearts of men felt not the strain.
Whether he tuned the chords of fire
To deeds of war, or themes of love,
Invoked the deities of wood or shore —
“ That strain has rung before.”

Still sung the poet undismayed,
His soul too full to need men's praise.
At length the grudging critics said
(Not of the living, but the dead)
As if to set the thing at rest :
“ His last song was his best.”

And one more flowery grown,
To turn a metaphor, or air
His classic lore : “ A swan has flown,
A bird with just one song, no more.
His feebler notes have passed away,
This one may last a day.”

O deaf to all the pure and sweet !
The very soul of song hath died,
Hath winged its heavenward passage fleet. —
The rarest strains are oft unheard,
For when at night they chance to break,
Dull men will not awake !

THE ROCKS.

My neighbor Hobbs will never know his loss,
Nor miss the golden nuggets I have mined
From out the rocks that strew his sunny fields ;
Grey bowlders like some mammoth herd that raise
Their huge backs only from the generous beds
Where nature left them when she gave them birth.

On this, a child, I spread my table forth
With juicy berries gathered from the lane ;
Each plate a lichen clinging to the stone.
This was our merchant ship which sank and rose
From out the billowy sea of waving grass.
Who could recount the inventories quaint
Of cargoes to and from the strangest shores !

When older grown, 'twas joy enough to lie
Upon some seamed and weather-beaten shelf,
Drinking my fill of sunshine, thrilled with life,
Young life so happy just to live and be !
Here have my musings had their freest scope,
And in my fancy have I wandered back
Adown the byways of the centuries,
With nought familiar, nought to mark their flight,
Save these leviathans so hoar with time,
These cold, unfeeling, changeless stones.

Around their base the youthful Puritans

Found pleasure when primeval trees lay low
Beneath the woodman's axe, and scanty room
Was given the pioneer to sow and reap.
Within their shadows oft the redman skulked
To take advantage of his hapless foe,
Perchance to track the unsuspecting deer.
Back, back along the epoch-making years,
I find them in their solitudes unscathed,
Yet would men tell us that the earth was old.
For she had felt the wrackings and the waste
That come of fiery earthquake, boundless floods,
With every throe to end in nothingness.
But once, at least, a deadly chill crept on,
And all the fields were stark and stiff with ice,
And every river crept, a frozen thing.
Then were the very hills laid low like wax,
And rocks awakened from their lethargy,
With grinding scars to mark their steady course,
Or dizzy spin adown the steeper slopes,
Moved all before them, and themselves took shape
Just as their hazards clipped and rounded them.
And shouldering each the other to one side,
Or crying halt, 'long their momentous way,
At last they lay them sprawling everywhere,
As if some giant hand, Deucalion-like,
Had hurled and doomed them in eternal sleep
To bask their ruthless energies away.
And now we handle them and call them dead !

RECLAIMED.

Dark leaden sky with walls of cloud,
A cheerless tract of brier and heather ;
An angry gust of wind, and loud,
Frightening the fickle leaves together ;

A gleam, a sudden patch of light,
No bigger than a hand, or feather ;
A flood of sunshine, golden bright,
The wind all still and glorious weather.

Despondent once, a heart grew sad,
And it would fain have ceased endeavor,
Had not a friendly smile made glad,
Reclaiming it, God grant, forever.

DENS.

Some great one, passing well supplied
With stocks and bonds, and with a name
On 'Change ; with "railroad " fame
Enough to cause deep discontent
And panic through a continent ;
Had kindly asked me home to dine,
And, flattered, I could not decline.

In kindness and true graciousness,
With wish to put me at my ease,
And all my lettered tastes to please,
Apart from other guests, a score,
He led me to his library door.

Then in a very sudden burst
Of confidence, as if his heart
Had some state secret to impart,
With lowered voice that stopped my breath,
Fumbling his watch-chain as in guilt
(As murderers do the dagger's hilt)
He said, with pride I could but note,
This was his *den* and here he *wrote*.

His *den*, where rarest bric-à-brac
Is strewn about with lavish waste,
And pictures fine to suit the taste
Of dukes and princes hang in tiers !
A group of statues here appears,
And ranged by hundreds, high and dry,
The rarest volumes catch the eye ;
And, thanks to tapestries and stuffs
From Oriental looms procured,
The heaviest footfall is not heard.

His den ! Here at his *escritoire*
Whose loveliness would daze my sight,
He sits him down to muse and write !
Write what ? His checks and *billets-doux*,
“ Regrets,” “ acceptances ”— a few ?
As in his den he wills to think
And fix his thoughts in common ink,
With stylographic pen of gold,
He turneth Wall Street hot or cold !

Thereat I roared, a savage note,
And I am forced to here confess
It had a tone of boorishness.
At which he raised his eyes and asked
Why I — *mal à propos* — had laughed.
With stammers, blushes, breath I caught,
Said I was smiling at my thought !

After what seemed a perfect age,
When I had feasted and had dined
To heart's content, at last I find —
When guest and host, with finger-tips,
And social fibs upon their lips
Have made the final "au revoir" —
Myself outside the rich man's door.

With maddening pace I turned me home,
Up to my fourth-pair-back, where, zooks !
I stormed and raved among my books —
A Webster laid out on the bed,
The Holy Word for daily bread,
And Bard of Avon's lavish page ;
These the poor poet's stock in trade ;
The wise ones tell us, quite enough
To store the brain and make it tough !

My den, my sanctum ! Who could think,
Or write a line, or build a fable
Upon a three-legged jiggling table !
Just then, alas ! I chance to pass
Before my crazy looking-glass,
By which it foolishly appears
My laugh had changed to bitter tears.

PASSION.

Out into the night I hurry alone,
Purposeless, nor caring
If the pitiless wind is beating its sleet
Against my face despairing.

No stars in the sky — I need not one,
Nor flicker of street lamps dying.
No night so black it can hinder the feet
Of one from dark passion flying.

Blow on, wild wind, we will leave the town
To its thieving and thriving.
You laugh at me, wind, but show me a heart
Not black with self-defiling.—

These pines be a resting-place awhile,
They'll cease not their sighing
Till they whisper my spirit into peace,
Leaving passion a-dying.

DISCOURAGEMENTS

The sweetest, noblest words of voice, or pen,
Have never touched the heart, nor wakened soul
With half the force by which was roused and fired
The thought of him who gave them utterance.

The kindest act, the bravest deeds, oft times,
Are powerless to show the love and worth
Within the breast that, feeling first, was moved.

The sun himself doth fade and yield to night
In seeming sadness that the day hath been
Less bright and cheerful than morn's promise given.

What wonder, then, that as the years wear on,
Some lives grow gloomy and more spiritless,
Till past all striving, death seems glad repose
And lasting failure finds at last success?

THE CARP OF FONTAINEBLEAU.*

We stood upon a garden terrace
Whose marble railing time had crumbled ;
 Where years ago,
Rich courtiers decked in gold and lace
Trode with stately mien and pace
 At Fontainebleau.

Around us was the forest famous,
Close by the palace grand and regal,
 While just below,
Anon the sunshine danced and rested
Where swam the carp, all unmolested,
 Of Fontainebleau.

Though strangers hailing from all nations,
Who now were journeying east and westward,
 And to and fro,
We met here as with common wish,
To feed our biscuit to the fish
 Of Fontainebleau.

* NOTE. — "Fanny, a very aged carp in the ponds at Fontainebleau, well known to the people of Paris, has just died. She is said to have been hatched during the reign of Francis I (1515-1547), and had become very gray."
— *Popular Science Monthly*.

In various keys and jargons laughed we,
(Mayhap in Spanish, Turk, and Russian)

But this I know,
No merrier hearts for many a year
Had throbb'd upon that palace pier
Of Fontainebleau.

As eagerly the pampered creatures
With envious jostling very human
Came from below,
Methought, amid this ancient glory,
Sure all save fish is transitory
At Fontainebleau.

The time-worn walls have been remodelled ;
These banks been raised, those lawns made level ;
The trees that grow
Much taller than the general lot —
How strange the thought ! — the trees know not
Old Fontainebleau.

Fair dames have thrown the dainty morsel,
Who scorn'd to put their jewell'd fingers
To meaner dough.
Their beauty faded like the leaf,
Their bones lie crumbling beneath
Old Fontainebleau.

What if great Bonaparte, or Louis,
Some duke, or marchioness in favor,
Said "yes" or "no"?
The mandate may have shook the state,
Yet they have shared the general fate
At Fontainebleau.

Live on, O carp, and teach your lesson
To noble, or to humblest peasant,
Till all may know,
No tyranny, though great the fear,
Can hold the land as once ruled here
At Fontainebleau.

This truth proclaim, ye finny creatures,
To all who lean upon this terrace
And feed you, so :
The weak, the simple and the small
Will oft escape, though great men fall
At Fontainebleau.

TO THE GARDEN NASTURTIUM.

Fair dwellers of my garden, tender, rare,
Low-trailing o'er the ground, or rudely trellised
Where your bright faces, like to those of children
A peeping out of window, meet the gaze
Of many a passer by, as wantonly
You peer from out the garden paling,—
How prodigal you are of your rich store
Of autumn tints, gay scarlets, gaudy yellows !
How wasteful outside of your hoard within !
A few more days and all this bright arraying
Will be naught but a pleasing memory,
For even now the frost is in the air. The sun
With lower course is hastening to the westward ;
Mayhap tonight, O flowers, you meet your cruel doom !
Then oh, ye ministers of cheerfulness,
So freely blooming to the autumn's ending,
When dreary days come on with storm and blight,
For me not all the happy recollection
Of your glad company. My neighbor there
Across the way, and many a loiterer too,
Will miss the brightness you so richly gave them,
And I, tho' late, this lesson will be learning :
Dame Nature, nothing partial, openeth wide
Her liberal hand ; her love-feasts are for all.

A LAMENT.

The crows have left the maple grove
Up yonder on the hill,
And now they rustle in the elm
That overhangs the mill ;
While saddened hearts within the vale
Are sore discomforted,
For one men loved and called their chief
Is lying cold and dead.

The evening shadows like the birds
Now darken vale and hill ;
The crows have sought their secret broods
And all the scene is still.
While oh, one heart, one heart,
Is aching with its woe !
The birds may fly away to rest,
But grief will never go.

SELFISHNESS.

"Life is full
And earth is wide,"
Saith the vain man
In his pride.

"Life a span is,"
Saith another.
"Earth is all,
O man, my brother."

Both are wrong
And fall from grace.
Exalt not self,
Nor self abase.

For earth and time,
Our lives not less,
Have no room
For selfishness.

THE FIRST OATH.

I borrowed a word, but not from a friend,
A usurous word it proved to me,
Demanding interest without end,
Simple, compounded, more and more,
Which conscience paid although it was poor.

And now that I yield up my estate
(To a Friend I have found although so late)
My burdened heart with a joy untold
Finds wealth in poverty at the end
In having not even that word to lend.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Golden fruit by my garden wall,
Why did I leave you to the frost?
I am come for the harvesting today,
Too late, alas! I find to my cost!

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

So long? It cannot be! The years are winged
We know. In silence, like the passage-bird,
They've come and flown, till you and I, of late,
Have failed to mark their flight. Not fifty years!
Say fifty summers, if you will, dear heart!
With all their sunshine and their days of cheer,
Or fifty springs with all their promise bright,
Or fifty autumns that have all fulfilled.
And if you please, *some* winter and *some* frost,
With days of sorrow, some of chilling gloom,
Yet not enough to take away our hope.
But call them what you will, the Lord is good!
With blessings he has crowned them every one.
Here are the children, men and women grown,
Here are our friends, to greet this festal day —
Although, alas! too many will be missed. —
Great are the changes, time, which thou hast wrought!
But thou, O Father, art the same, today,
And yesterday, and for the days to come.
Spent in thy sight, a thousand years are but
A night-watch which will soon be o'er. O God,
We too are not, and yet we are, the same

As when we stood and plighted our young vows.
The same in love and confidence, the same
In love's and duty's cheerful offices.
And to Thy name be all the thanks and praise.
We'll make of this and all our days to come
One golden anniversary of Thy love.

VIOLETS IN A GRAVEYARD.

These violets have gladdened sadder hearts
Than mine, though I have tasted of the cup
And found it bitter too. A mother's grave
Makes all these hillocks sacred, and I feel
The sympathetic bond and kinship sweet
 Of human brotherhood.
 Our every loss
Which these cold marble tablets tally off,
Bring tears and heartache to our saddened youth,
But who can say we do not miss them more,
The loved ones dropping from the thinning ranks
Of veterans, when we ourselves fast win
Promotion to the places where they stood, —
The corps reserved? The steady tramp, tramp, tramp,
Of that vast army we can almost hear

In this still spot, as the victorious grave

Fast closes over them.

Sweet violets,

That lift your eyes toward the heavenly blue,

Ye are a part and parcel of the ground

Thus hallowed by our loved ones. Year by year

With spring's return, you burst the winter's mould,

And clothe yourselves in your immortal robes

Of purity. How came ye here? What germ,

What seed is yours for perpetuity?

What care protects your icy slumber-time,

So like the sleep of death? Vain questioning.

We dimly feel and know, and so leave all

To Him whose wisdom framed us both as parts

Of one great universal plan of love.

But oh, how much you gladden these green graves!

Your mission is to lift the hearts of men,

And ours should be no less.

Accept, dear Lord,

These heavenly sowings. May they bourgeon forth

To an eternal springtime in those fields

Where whitest angels in their watchful care

Shall guard each blossom till it meets the smile

And feels the gladness of Almighty Love!

RUTH.

Out from the walls of Bethlehem,
To her fair fields below,
Forth wend the merry harvesters
Where the ripe corn doth grow.
The dew is on the wayside grass,
And all things feel the glow
Of the warm sun, this morn so bright —
(Long years and years ago).

The reapers swing their busy blades
With many a laugh and shout,
While all among the golden sheaves
The gleaners move about.
But one is seen who gleans apart,
The busiest damsel there,
'Tis Ruth, who like a daughter true
Naomi's lot would share.

Now, as the glowing sun shines on,
And noontide shadows pass,
As weary reapers feel the heat,
And gleaners tire, alas !

Forth comes the master to the field,
To urge the work apace,
And while he counts his many sheaves,
A joy lights up his face.

For Boaz sees amid the grain,
As busy as the bee,
A fairer sight than barley sheaves,
This maid of low degree.
And spite of Moabitess garb,
Her skin and jet-black hair,
He loves the maid whose tale is known
To all the people there.

And with a tenderness of heart
He bids the reapers bind
More carelessly, that she who gleans
May greater profit find.
And thus this sire of David's line —
As good as he, I trow,
Both wooed and won the stranger maid,
Long years and years ago.

O harvesters and reapers brave,
And O, ye gleaners fair,
Where'er the harvest-fields are white
Look forth! Your work is there.

A work of constancy and love,
Be sure your sheaves will grow,
And a full ephah will be yours,
As Ruth's, long years ago.

APRIL.

April is here! Hark to the wood-notes trilling,
As migrant birds unite their gladsome choirs again!
Wake joyful hearts, tho' oft the March winds chilling
Sweep o'er the field, and falls the frequent rain.
April is here! Lo, how the life-sap flowing,
Invigorates each twig of yonder towering trees!
In every rimy sod a million blades are growing,
The cattle catch the fragrance now borne upon the
breeze.

April is here! the busy month of plowing;
The tender shoots of corn soon will the sower see!
With him, at vernal altars, our wakened hearts are
vowing;
O April, hopeful springtime, what shall our harvest be?

THOUGHTS OF THE OLD YEAR.

I.

The Old Year, bowed with age and with care,
His labors hath ended ;
Through the whistling wind and the frosty air
His way he hath wended.

Down the icy hill, 'cross the valley dim
He has passed from our view ;
Like his brothers we carefully leave him,
Welcoming in the new.

II.

Old Year, I say good-by to thee ;
Thou hast been a patient friend to me ;
Though many a time
I wished thy rapid hours away,
I wished them back ere close of day.

Old Year, I say good-by to thee ;
My silent tears flow rapidly,
For thou hast brought,
With all thy wealth of lasting joy,
The weight that comes with sad alloy.

Old Year, I say good-by to thee ;
Dear wilt thou be to memory,
 For joined with Death
Thou hast in keeping names I love,
Names of immortals up above !

THE LOVER.

One smile there is which doth entrance,
 One voice as music sweet,
Two bright blue eyes with downcast glance,
 A blush his step to greet ;

A little hand whose magic touch
 Save him there's none can tell,
And dancing curls whose power is such
 As beauty knows full well ;

A trusting gladsome heart that beats
 Responsive to his own,
A trusting gladsome heart that seeks
 To win his love alone. —

Who sees these beauties every one ?
 Canst find ~~we~~ any other ?
'Tis he whose life has just begun,
 The ardent, happy lover.

LIVING.

I see the far-off sunset gleam
 From clouds of purest gold,
It gilds the rippling streamlet's flow
 And tints the mountains old.
It glimmers through the tree-tops green,
 It lingers in the vale,
Or peeps into some lonesome nook
 To kiss the flowerets pale.

I hear the dash, the silver splash
 Of brooks through meadows lush;
Down rock and hill, past town and mill,
 The sparkling waters rush.
The stream its laughing voice may lose,
 But all its power it saves
To swell the roar on rock and shore
 Of waves pursuing waves.

I walk adown the hillside path,
 Or through the forest glade,
Anon, in dreamy, idle mood
 Reclining in the shade.
I look up through the rifted trees
 Where sail the clouds so slow,

Or gather moss and ferns and flowers
That round me smiling grow.
With voices silent to the ear,
But heard within the heart,
They give the calm that follows prayer
And bid all fears depart.

I hear the hum, the busy hum
Of honey-loving bees.
I note the sigh of winds that die
To whispers 'mid the trees.
From rustling leaves the little birds
Their joyous carols break,
While rock and glen and wood and fen
Their silent echoes wake.

"Learn wisdom," say the mossy stones
That round about us lie ;
"Behold the treasures we have kept
For Science's keen eye."
"Get wisdom," says the tiny seed ;
"My hidden power explain ;
I leaf and grow, I bud and bloom
And bear nutritious grain."

"Have patience," sings the happy bird,
"See how I build my home."
"My ways consider," saith the ant,
"Nor be a useless drone."

“Come learn of me, a spider vile,
Be patient, godlike men ;
My web I make and, if it break,
Why, then, I build again.”

Yes, patience, self-reliance gain,
And wisdom from the ways
Of nature which shall ever teach
Thy soul to sing God's praise.
Oh, joy of living! Who can speak
Of anything more plain ?
Its aim beyond the nameless stars,
Its end such untold gain !

JOHN'S RIVER.

A brook comes running down the hills,
Between the pasture ridges ;
Anon with laugh and merry dance
It plunges under bridges,
Where country wains creep slowly down
The dusty thoroughfares to town.

Through many a cool, sequestered nook
It wendeth and it singeth ;
Then round dark boulders huge and worn
In sportive eddies bringeth
Its mountain coolness to abide
In pools where wary trout may hide.

Still on, its green banks wider grow,
Its current runneth slower,
Then windeth through lush meads where stretch
The swarths of many a mower ;
And oxen, yoked to hay-racks, drink
And pause upon the water's brink.

And now it makes its sluggish way
Devoid of force and motion,
Through boggy swale and willow tufts,
Down to its little ocean, —
One of our mountain lakes, — and yields
Its tribute of the hills and fields.

Here patient fishers hie them oft,
By twos and threes together,
At early morn and dewy eve,
Or cloudy is the weather ;
And in and out the pickerel-weed
Their silent dories slow proceed.

Later when autumn sere and brown
The hunter's joy enlarges,
And migrant birds in noisy flocks
Rest in the oozy margins,
The lonely gunner crouching low,
Feels all his tingling life-blood flow.

But most I love on summer days
To catch the brilliant flashes
From many a red-winged blackbird's coat,
As o'er my head he dashes ;
And list to all the feathery throng
That thrill me with their wealth of song.

And when the evening mists creep down
And rippling waters shimmer
With light of crescent moons and stars
That o'er the hilltops glimmer,
A weirdness settles over all
Which holds my very soul in thrall.

Then stealthy minks come boldly forth
From out tall reeds and grasses ;
A leap-frog with his parting croak
Within deep shadow passes,
And slim-necked cranes with noiseless flight
Dissolve amid the shades of night.

The thought of other days will come,
When men with dusky faces,
In keeping with the solitude,
Roamed up and down these places, —
Abenakis and those who found
A rich and happy hunting-ground.

As then, the Tomifobia wild
Winds in and out the valleys ;
And by cool Massawippi's side
Again the red man rallies
His bands each with canoe of bark
For Memphremagog's waters dark.

Once more some graceful Indian boy
 His gleaming paddle plieth,
To spear the unsuspecting fish
 That in the eel-grass lieth ;
And squaws to patient service bred
 Come here to search for oziers red.

O night, calm night, your starry light
 Will never cease to quiver
Upon the still and peaceful tide
 Of this so lonesome river,
Which now, as ages past, doth make
 Its silent offering to the lake.

As thus I gaze upon thy face,
 Thou mak'st me almost shiver,
As if from out some spirit land
 Thou flowest, O John's River !
Thy magic spell is on me still,
 For list — the lonely whip-poor-will !

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Down deep in the bowels of the earth,
 Long ages and ages ago,
There lived a people, numerous
 As the flakes of the drifting snow.
Such funny little elflings they,
 Most like to the dwarfs and gnomes !
In caverns and grotts and secret spots
 They buildded their tiny homes.

Mere bundles of muscle, so they say ;
 And the depths with their laughter rung.
Their bright eyes gleamed and twinkled like
 The gems in their castles hung.
They tumbled over each other's feet
 And seemed as if always at play ;
But harmony ruled this happy band,
 For every one had his own way.

Not an idle people they, I trow,
 For laboring year after year,
They garnered in the richest stores,
 These spirits of work and good cheer.

And what did these little creatures do,
 Long ages and ages ago,
And where are they now, once numerous
 As the flakes of the drifting snow?

They scattered crystals over the earth,
 Bright diamonds, rubies so red,
They laid down the metals, lump by lump,
 Each kind in its rock-bound bed.
With hammers and engines curious,
 And unremitting toil,
They levelled mountains, crumbled the rocks,
 Thus forming the fruitful soil.

Rejoicing to see their daily tasks
 To such vast proportions grow,
In sport they opened the hidden springs
 And caused the swift rivers to flow.
And then they carpeted the banks
 With soft grass and the velvet moss,
And the hills they clad with stalwart trees
 As recompense for their loss.

It was they, when first the autumn came,
 Who taught the trees, it is said,
To clothe themselves in their gayest robes
 Of yellow and russet and red.

And when the birds were heard no more,
But the chilling blasts instead,
With help of the winds they heaped up the leaves
O'er each little floweret's bed.

Thus worked these busy little sprites
Long ages and ages ago,
When Infinite Goodness fashioned man
To walk in His image below.
As they heard his footsteps on the ground,
Beheld his superior frame,
In sorrow they turned them to the depths
Whence their sires and their grandsires came.

Sadly they looked on their labors vast,
The toilings of many a year,
And sighing said: "No room for us folk
'Mid the scenes that have been so dear.
As we leave them now to this creature man,
We will crown our many deeds
By endowing our rival with valuable gifts
To meet all his varying needs.

Possessed of a willingness to work
And a cheerfulness of heart,
The fearful demons of want and despair
From his dwellings will ever depart.

Though griefs may come with their carking cares,
They'll silently wing their way
As darkness of midnight flies before
The rush of advancing day."

But the reign of this happy race went on,
Though man with his work did begin.
How mighty the field! and oh, how grand
The prize for his labors to win!
Hath he lost the gift of the earth-born kings,
The spirit of work and good cheer?
Adown the aisles of the ages there comes
This song to gladden the ear:

"All things were planned by an Allwise hand,
Rich blessings flow forever;
For man was this goodly heritage
In which to be idle never;
And there's work enough for all to do,
And labor is a blessing;
A life without aim is good for nought,
Not even worth the possessing."

And man in his wisdom mindeth him oft
Of those creatures that still hold rule,
Down in the innermost heart of things —
Queer Atom and Molecule.

Of whom most vague are his theories,
Or so it seemeth to me ;
But plain enough *my* philosophy,
As all wise children agree.

SABBATH-EVENING REST.

Church bells now are softly ringing,
Dost thou hear ?
Vesper choirs will soon be singing,
Sweet and clear.

Kirk-folk now are kirkward moving
More and more,
And their voices, low and soothing,
Reach the door.

Now is silence ; friends and neighbors
Are within ;
All forgetful of their labors,
Not their sin.

Strangers, wanderers, footsore, weary,
Drop your load.
Tho' you walk a dusty, dreary,
Endless road,

Pause an hour, for all your days
May be blest.
Hear that anthem ! Thus they praise
Sabbath rest !

Here your burthens lose their weight,
And the Rod,
Changed, will lift your souls elate
To your God !

CHEERFULNESS.

God is good and earth is fair,
Happiness is waiting,
Happiness so great, the tongue
Fails of all relating.
What is being cheerful but
Praising God the giver ?
Will it not the soul from harm
Certainly deliver ?
Gladsome hearts make willing hands,
Laughter kills dull sorrow,
Present gloom it turns to light, —
Joyous breaks the morrow.

LA CRÉPUSCULE.

Set is the summer sun,
And peaceful night clad in her coat of mail
Doth shadow one by one
The things of earth with nature's starry veil.
Soft is the cooling breeze, a bird's low notes,
And over all a soothing influence floats.

As in a silent dell
Doth slowly sink the echoing sound away, —
As dies the tolling bell, —
So fade the purpling beams of lingering day.
Thus peacefully comes on the stilly night,
When all the brood of sorrows wing their flight.

Fit time for converse sweet,
When free from daily toil and daily care,
The cottager can meet,
Beneath his household tree, the loved ones there.
A brief but happy time, thou soft twilight !
Soon comes thine hour of peace, sleep-giving night !

ONWARD.

Good cheer, comrade, cheer !
Before thee lies the way ;
The path is wide and pleasant,
And brightly dawns the day.
The little brook in melody is dancing swift along,
And merrily the joyous birds are breaking into song.

Good cheer, comrade, cheer !
Beyond the hills are vales ;
Each bark upon the ocean
To some fair haven sails.
Decaying autumn to the mind may melancholy bring,
But sweet the resurrection morn of balmy, lovely spring.

Good cheer, comrade, cheer !
All nature sings the song.
Go forth unto the battle,
The conflict is not long.
Through battle-clouds uplifting, thou now canst almost
see
The peaceful camp-fire's welcome light, and hear the
" Victory."

WORK.

Work, mortal, work,
With word and with deed.
Be up and doing,
Wouldst thou succeed.
Strive by thyself ; no other can
Solve thy life's problem. Work like a man.

Work, mortal, work,
For land of thy birth ;
Work for thy race
And the welfare of earth.
Work for the truth, whatever the cost ;
With such a watchword, nothing is lost.

Work, mortal, work,
Strive well, with thy might ;
Grand is the conflict
Fought for the right.
Minding not trifles, titles, or pelf,
Work for thy God, thy home, and thyself.

30514B

THE DAIRY MAID.

When summer sun fading makes golden the skies,
Down through the orchards the dairy maid hies.
With pail on her arm doth she trip o'er the green
To the spot where the patient cows waiting are seen.
And sweet as the bells that to soft zephyrs ring
Is the voice of the maid as she blythely doth sing :
 " Oh, I am a dairy maid happy and gay,
 My heart has no trouble, my work is all play."

Like sunbeams her song fills the meadowy glen
And the echoes repeat it again and again,
Till nature's wild songsters from green branches high
With rivalry carol their notes in reply,
Or, interlude warbling, the music prolong
As merrily skipping she trolleth her song :
 " Oh, I am a dairy maid happy and gay,
 My heart has no trouble, my work is all play."

The echoes run wild as they speed on their way,
But a different echo is now at its play.
Behind the wild brier a rosy-cheeked swain
Is catching enraptured his loved one's gay strain.

From his place of concealment impatient he springs
And mocking repeats as the dairy maid sings :

“ Oh, I am a dairy maid happy and gay,
My heart has no trouble, my work is all play.”

Carol, ye birds, from your home in the boughs,
While the whispering lovers are plighting their vows.
Sing and be glad, happy pair, while ye may,
Nor dream that the sun will e'er set from your day,
And trust that the echoes soft ever will bear
A burthen as sweet and as free from all care

As, “ I am a dairy maid happy and gay,
My heart has no trouble, my work is all play.”

M. W. S.

1841-1894.

The willing feet and busy hands so steady,
Have run their course, and laid the task away.
The cheerful spirit, e'er for duty ready,
Hath helped and still will help us every day.

We who have known her bless her and the Giver,
For earth is made the richer by such lives ;
And when these loved ones cross death's mighty river,
Something immortal here with us survives.

BY THE LAKE.

Alone by the lake I list to the sounds
That the breeze to my listening ear yields,
The rumble of trains heavy laden with freight,
Or the lowing of kine in the fields.

The twitter of birds as they rock in the boughs,
The rush of the swallows' swift flight,
The music of frogs, or the splash of a fish,
Thrills my soul with an untold delight.

The laughter of children comes up from the beach,
And, at times, from the camp on the bay
The tum of a banjo steals over the lake
To betray some dull novice at play.

Anon past the point where my tent-poles are pitched,
Come the dip and the creak of an oar,
And soon in the stillness each ripple I note
As it circles and breaks on the shore.

In calm or in storm, in tumult, repose,
Day and night sings the lake its refrain,
And ever the toss of the waves high or low,
Bringeth rest to the world-weary brain.

In the morning, sweet lake, thy bosom is fair,
And at noon-time thou wearest a sheen
Of the loveliest silver, which changes at eve
To the rarest of tints ever seen.

First a dash of pure gold caught up from the sun
Ere it sinks behind hills in the west ;
Next a tissue of rose comes on like a blush,
As the night sinketh down o'er thy breast.

And then oftentimes as the dusk groweth chill
And the dark shadows over thee steal,
Will a mist of sad purple, the softest of veils,
All thy weird, magic beauty conceal.

And I, as I lie in my tent, silent lake,
Feel with health and with happiness fed
From the swish of pure waters that play at my feet,
And the breath of the pines o'er my head.

REBECCA.

The glorious sun breaks through the shadows gray,
And smiling morn seems more than ever gay,
But grief, not joy, dwells in our hearts today.

The feathery songsters 'neath the window-sill
Their matin-songs with wonted gladness trill ;
But music sweeter far *her* soul doth fill.

The far off sky is one aetherial blue,
And garden flowers in rich and varied hue
Are glistening with the cool, refreshing dew.

The waking up of nature though so bright
Hath lost its charm and power to give delight ;
For us 'tis but the murky hour of night.

We think of her, our friend of well-tried worth,
As gone from us forever and from earth,
And not as one rejoicing in her birth.

Strew pinks and roses round the silent room —
Sweet smiles of God to soothe the heart of gloom —
Dearest to her of all the flowers that bloom.

She loved the generous gifts of the Allwise ;
The countless glories of the earth and skies
To her were promises of paradise.

Though mortal life for her had still its charm,
Her latest hours on earth were hours of calm ;
And death had lost all power to give alarm.

A shepherd's guiding hand had led, and lo !
The path was through rich pastures green where grow
Death's asphodels, and living waters flow.

O fount of life, on ever-verdant shore,
Give us to drink of thine exhaustless store,
Whose waters quench all thirst forevermore !

Sad eyes will lift and the dark night be gone ;
Then shall we see the beauty of the dawn,
Bespeaking not of death but life's bright morn.

IN MEMORY OF MISS THOMPSON.*

The day is ended and the tasks are done.
Too soon, O God, too soon, Thy children say
Who knew the greatness of her soul, the strength
That lay in the firm touch of that soft hand.
Who did not feel the courage and the cheer
That followed in her path, came with her laugh,
And made her presence with the sick and worn
A benediction and a blissful calm?
The books are closed ; the weary feet and brain,—
How tireless were they to the very end ! —
At length find rest and peace—sweet rest, sweet peace !

In vision we behold the golden port,
The shining stairway and the heavenly throng,
And 'mid the brightness joyful strains burst forth :
“The old hath passed, behold all things made new !”
We thank Thee, Lord, for such a noble life,
Such contact lifts us to the higher levels,
Above our selfishness and petty cares,
And brings Christ nearer to our flagging hearts.

* Miss Thompson was for eighteen years a devoted teacher in Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.

HYMN FOR THE THOMPSON MEMORIAL.

DEDICATED AT BARRE, VT.,

JUNE 26, 1894.

Our lips shall praise Thee, Lord, today,
That witness of Thy love and care,
However far our footsteps stray,
Is round about us everywhere.

Lives of the strong and true and pure,
E'en though they leave this earthly state,
As Christ's life, ever will endure
And teach us what to emulate.

This home will testify the worth
Of one who wrought the master's will,
Who, while she walked the ways of earth,
Was love's and duty's handmaid still.

Though walls may crumble and decay,
Her name, example, must not cease,
If sowing wisely day by day,
We leave to God the rich increase.

Though many come and many go,
And men forget where once we trod,
This truth will ever dearer grow,
That willing service praiseth God.

HYMN.*

O Lord, we bless Thee for the faith
Which Thine apostles show ;
And for the courage which was theirs,
To conquer every foe.

We bless Thee for the sweetness, Lord,
Thus manifest on earth ;
For purity of thought and life,
Like pearls of priceless worth.

For him, the servant of Thy truth,
O Lord, we thank Thee here ;
His were the courage and the faith
That triumph over fear.

Written for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Rev. John Murray's birth.

The sweetness of his Christlike life
Will give him lasting fame,
And help us all to reverence
Christ's name 'bove every name.

And, as we sing our Murray's praise,
O God, on whom we call,
We raise our grateful song to Thee,
Whose love is over all.

TRANSLATIONS.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXXIV.

The poet seeks to show in this ode that philosophy is insufficient to supply the place of a religious faith. Whilst witnessing a thunder storm he is forced to give up the Epicurean doctrine that the gods have no control of human affairs. Impressed now with a feeling of divine power, he makes a recantation of his former errors. Fortune signifies Jove's minister.

A worshipper of gods, though seldom it may be,
I wander far, well versed in mad philosophy;
And now I'm forced to turn my canvas back again
And to retrace once more my journey o'er the main.
For oft a cloudy sky with lightning's flash is riven,
When the mighty god of day his thundering steeds has
driven,
Yoked to their flying car athwart the paths of heaven.
And thus the stolid earth is shaken with great force;
Thus, too, the murky Styx, the rivers in their course;
E'en Atlas from afar is with them made to rock,
And Taenarus, that loathed abode, has felt the direful
shock.
Yes, truly, Jove can change the lowest to the great —
By raising the obscure — the mighty weak can make;
Rapacious Fortune loves, she of the rustling wings,
To steal *that* man's fair crown which to *this* one she
brings.

HORACE, BOOK I., ODE XXI.

These verses seem to have been suggested by some festival at which a chorus of boys and girls sing the praises of Apollo, Diana, and their mother Latona. Apollo is urged to turn war, plague and famine from Rome, and cast them on her enemies.

Sing, O tender maids, of Dian,
Of the young Apollo sing,
O ye boys, and fair Latona
Dearly loved by Jove the king.
Praise her who in streams rejoices,
And the leafage of the groves
On cool Algidus o'erhanging,
In dark Erymanthian forests,
Or on verdant Lycian hills.

Praise, O youths, the vale of Tempe,
Delos, where your god was born ;
Praise his shoulders which the quiver
And his brother's lyre adorn.
Influenced by your intercessions,
Grievous wars he will dispel,
And all plagues and direful famine,
To the Persians, to the Britons,
From great Caesar and our land.

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE: TITYRUS.

In this Eclogue it is thought Virgil represents himself in the person of Tityrus. The poet had been ejected from his farm, but had recovered it through the kindness of Augustus, the god referred to in the poem. Melibæus represents Virgil's unfortunate neighbors, who had suffered from the soldiery. Amaryllis, who takes no part in the dialogue, is supposed to be near at hand.

MELIBÆUS.

O Tityrus, reclining at thine ease
Beneath this wide-spread beech-tree's ample shade,
Thou practisest a simple woodland lay
Upon thy slender pipe; whilst I the while
Must leave my native bounds, my well-tilled fields
So dear, must flee the land that gave me birth.
Thou, too, canst teach the woods to echo oft
The name, sweet name of lovely Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibæus, 'twas a god who gave
This freedom from all care; and he shall be
My patron true forever. From my folds
A lamb shall oft his altars strain with blood.
At his sweet will my cattle wander free,
As you may see, and I play what I wish
In sportive strain upon my rustic reed.

MELIBŒUS.

I do not envy you, I'm sure, but gaze
With wonder rather, when throughout the fields
Confusion doth to such degree prevail.
Though sick at heart, you see I still drive on
My goats ; but this one, Tityrus, I scarce
Can lead, for here among the hazels thick
Just now she bore twin kids, my flock's sole hope,
To leave them on the naked rock, alas !
But, if I had not been so dull of wit,
I had remembered that the oak tree struck
By lightning oft predicted such ill luck.
Oft have I heard the evil-boding crow
Proclaim it from some holm-tree's hollow trunk.
But what of that? Come, tell me, Tityrus,
Who is this god you speak of in such praise?

TITYRUS.

The city, Melibœus, they call Rome,
Fool that I was, I thought must be like ours,
Where long we simple shepherds have been wont
To drive the tender weanlings of our sheep.
So have I learned are puppies like to dogs,
So kids are like their dams. That was my way,
To make compare of great things unto small.
But that vast city rears its head aloft

As much above its fellows as doth tow'r
The cypress o'er the bending way-fare tree.

MELIBCEUS.

What was thy great desire of seeing Rome?

TITYRUS.

'Twas liberty; for though she came but late,
As idle as I was, she pitied me,
E'en after my gray beard fell white as snow
Beneath the shears. The goddess pitied me,
And came at last. 'Twas after Amaryllis
Had bound me in her toils, and Galatée
Had jilted me; for while she held me fast,
I will confess, I did not care to save,
And so had little hope of being free.
Though many a victim from our folds went forth,
And many a rich cream-cheese was pressed
For the ungrateful town, as home I turned,
I never found much money in my purse.

MELIBCEUS.

I used to wonder, Amaryllis, why
You called so sadly on the dieties,
And left the ripening fruit to hang unpluckt
Upon the trees. Your Tityrus was gone.
The very pines, these orchards, and these founts
Were sighing, Tityrus, for thy return.

TITYRUS.

What was I, then, to do? I had no hope
Of liberty; but nowhere could I find
Divinities so gracious as in Rome.
'Twas there, my friend, I saw that famous youth
For whom twelve days in every year shall burn
Upon our altars sacrificial flames.
For he it was gave answer to our suit:
"Keep on, my swains, and pasture well your cows,
And rear your bullocks as of old," he said.

MELIBŒUS.

How fortunate thou art to keep thy lands!
And they will be enough for all thy wants,
Although bare stones and mud of reedy marsh
O'erspread the grazing-ground. No noxious herb
Will harm the languid mothers of thy flock,
Nor will contagion in thy neighbor's herd
E'er come nigh thee.

O fortunate old man!
Among thy sacred founts and well-known streams
Thou wilt enjoy the cooling shade. The hedge
Which skirts the neighboring roadside over there,
Whose willow-flowers feed Hyblæan bees,
With its soft whispers oft will win thee sleep.
While from this side will float upon the breeze
The strains of him who gathers up the leaves

Beneath that rock so high. Nor yet the while
Will cease the low-voiced pigeon of the wood,
Thy pet, nor yet the turtle-dove to coo
In mournful strains upon the lofty elm.

TITYRUS.

'The fleet-foot deer will sooner seek the plains
To graze ; the sea will leave the fish exposed
Upon the barren shore ; and sooner, too,
The Parthian or the German, wandering far,
Will drink, the one the Arar in the West,
And one the Tigris of the distant East,
Than I will lose the memory of that face.

MELIBŒUS.

But some of us will find an exile's fate
On Afric's desert sands, and some will reach
The bounds of Scythia, or Crete's far isle,
Where the Oáxes winds its rapid way.
And some will wander to Britannia's shores
Dissevered from the world afar. Ah me !
If after many years I chance to see
My native soil and sodded roof so low,
Shall I behold with wonder my small realms,—
When many harvests have passed by, I say ?
Shall ruffian soldiers have these well-tilled fields,
And a barbarian horde these growing crops ?

Oh, see, where cruel strife has brought us all !
For these it was we sowed our fields of corn !
Now, Melibœus, graft your pear-trees well,
And put your vines in trim ! Move on, my goats,—
Move on, once happy flock ! I never more,
Stretched in some mossy grot, shall see you graze
Upon the dizzy ledge where brambles grow !
I shall not sing again ; and you, my flock,
Will never, while I tend you, take your fill
Of clover-flow'rs and pungent willow-leaves !

TITYRUS.

Yet might you here have passed the night with me
Upon a bed of newly gathered leaves.
I have ripe fruit, some mellow chestnuts, too,
And fresh-pressed curds a store ; and yonder, see,
The smoke is rising from the farm-house roofs,
And lengthening shadows clothe the mountain-sides.

VIRGIL'S SECOND ECLOGUE II. ALEXIS.

In this pastoral the poet, in the person of Corydon, is supposed to be praising the attractive qualities of a young slave belonging to his patron Pollio. The latter, delighted with the poem, is said to have given the boy to Virgil. Like many another slave of that time he was educated, and became the celebrated grammarian Alexander.

The shepherd Corydon, with love on fire
For one who was a master's favorite,
The comely boy Alexis, — hopeless, too, —
Would daily come for consolation sweet
Where thick-topped beech-trees throw their welcome
shade.
Here all alone it was his wont to fling
To mountain and to forest these rude strains
With unrequited fervor :

Cruel one,
Dost thou care naught for any songs of mine ?
Dost pity me, Alexis, not at all ?
To desperation wilt thou drive me soon.

So strong the noontide heat, the panting flock
Now seek the shadows and their cool retreats.
Now lizards green hide in the thorny hedge ;
And Thestylis is bruising garlic, thyme,
And other herbs, a savory meal, for those
Afield exhausted with the sun's fierce glare.

Whilst I, who scan where thy dear steps have
passed,
Hear naught, out in the scorching heat alone,
Save the cicadae 'mid the stilly groves.

Was it not better to endure for aye
Ill-tempered Amaryllis, or disdain
Of proud Menalcas, swarthy though he be,
And thou, dear boy, the fairest of the fair?
Trust not too much to beauty of the skin;
The dusky hyacinth is culled with care,
White privet-flow'rs fall from their stems unseen.

Thou dost not deem me worthy of a glance,
Nor dost thou ask, Alexis, who I am,
Tho' passing rich in flocks, with snow-white milk
A store. A thousand lambs of mine now roam
The mountain-sides; and new milk never fails
In summer or in frost; and as for song,
It is my wont to play in Theban strains
Of king Amphion when he called his herds
On Attic Aracanthus, grassy height.

Nor am I very plain to look upon,
For late I saw myself when on the shore
And not a ripple marred the silent sea.
If what I saw did not deceive me quite,
I would not e'en with Daphnis dread compare,
With thee as judge.

Oh, that it might please thee —
'Tis all I ask, — to dwell in some low cot

'Mid homely country-scenes along with me ;
There to bring down the fleet-foot deer, and drive
Our peaceful flocks where sweet marsh-mallows grow !
There thou and I together in the wood
Would mimic in our strains the shepherds' god.
(For Pan it was who first taught men to join
Seven hollow reeds with wax ; and well we know
Sheep and their masters are Pan's constant care).
Scorn not, when urged, to press thy pretty lip
To pipes of mine. For such a privilege
What would Amyntas not have done? My pipe
Is hemlock-wood and made with all the stops.
Damœtas gave it me once on a time,
And when he died, he said : " This has in you
Its second master."— Those his very words. —
And so the fool Amyntas envied me.

Then, too, I have a pair of pretty fawns,
Which in a dangerous vale I chanced to find.
Their skins e'en now are dappled o'er with white ;
Each day they drain the milk of two stout ewes.
And these I keep for thee. But Thestylis
Has long been begging she might call them hers,
And she shall have them, since all gifts of mine
Seem trifling in thy sight.

Come hither, boy.

See how the nymphs present thee from full crates
With lovely lilies ; here a naiad fair,
While gathering violets pale and poppy-tips,

In nosegay joins for thee these jonquils sweet
With fragrant dill ; then adding hyacinths,
She sets off cassia and the pungent sprays
Of other blooms with yellow marigolds.

And hoary quinces with their tender down
I'll bring, together with some chestnuts ripe
Which Amaryllis used to like so well.
To these I'll add a waxen plum or two —
This fruit shall have the honor with the rest.—
To you, O laurels, will I borrowing come,
To you next, O rich myrtle ; side by side
Ye both breathe out your balmy odors best.

O Corydon, thou art a clown. Thy gifts,
And such as thine, Alexis values not.
If thou wouldst strive to win his favor so,
Remember that Iollas could give more.

Ah me ! What self-inflicted woe is mine !
Wretch that I am, I have let in, I see,
The scorching southern blast upon my flowers,
And wild swine have defiled my water-springs !
O foolish boy, why dost thou shun me thus ?
The gods themselves have dwelt 'mid rustic scenes,
And Trojan Paris was a shepherd once.
Let Pallas cherish, if she will, the towns
Which she taught men to found. But thou and I
Will love the woodlands more than all beside.
The savage lion preys upon the wolf ;
The wolf on his part follows up the kid ;

The frisking kids seek where sweet clover grows ;
And Corydon, Alexis, seeketh thee !
Each one is by his special fancy led.
Behold the oxen bringing home the plows
Suspended from their yokes ; and with the sun's
decline

The growing shades increase to twice their length ;
Yet burns my love as at the break of day !
What limit can there be to love, say I ?

Ah Corydon, poor Corydon ! How mad
Thou art ! Thy vines are left to hang half-
pruned

Upon the leafy elm ! Why not, at least,
Be weaving something which occasion needs,
Of osiers green, or pliant meadow-rush ?
If this Alexis treats thee with disdain,
Some other thou wilt find as good as he.

VIRGIL'S THIRD ECLOGUE. PALÆMON.

In this eclogue Virgil introduces us to the coarse wit of his period. The couplets of the original are wholly disconnected, and sometimes it is doubtful who is speaking, the shepherds, or the poet who seems to be using them as mouth-pieces. The verse, called *Amœbæan*, or responsive, though borrowed from the Greek, is pure Italian. "Such contests are still not uncommon among the *improvisatori* of Italy."

MENALCAS.

Whose flock is this, Damœtas, can you tell?
Is it not Melibœus's?

DAMÆTAS.

Not his,
But Ægon's, who but now left me in charge.

MENALCAS.

Poor sheep! From first to last a luckless flock!
Whilst Ægon woos Neæra, full of fear
Lest she prefer my suit, twice every hour
This hireling keeper milks the sheep; and so
The mothers lose their strength, and from the
lamb
Is stolen every drop of nourishment.

DAMÆTAS.

Still bear in mind, my friend, that such a charge
Had better not be flung at men so free.

We know who caused your fall, and in what
grot —
When e'en the goats looked on with eyes
askance.
Yet easy-going nymphs but laughed the while.

MENALCAS.

'Twas then they saw me, we will just surmise,
When I was hacking with malicious knife
My rival Micon's trees and tender vines !

DAMÆTAS.

Or here among these beech trees old and gray,
Where Daphnis had his bow and arrows spoiled.
For when you saw them given to the boy,
With spite and envy were you running o'er.
If you in some way had not injured them,
I do believe you would have died outright.

MENALCAS.

Pray, what can masters do when thieving slaves
Dare almost anything? Did not I see
You, villain, leading off by stealth a goat
Of Damon's, though his watch-dog barked and
barked?
And when I tried to raise the warning cry:
"Where is that fellow running, Tityrus?"

'Twere best you herd your flock !" You skulked
away
And hid yourself amid the tall reed-grass !

DAMETAS.

Why shouldn't he, when beaten in a match,
Yield up to me the goat my skill had won ?
If you but knew it, sir, that goat was mine,
And Damon too confessed it, but he said
He could not very well deliver it.

MENALCAS.

You vanquished him in singing ? When, I pray,
Were you the owner of a pipe of reeds ?
You bungler, tell me, is it not your wont
To murder at the cross-roads wretched tunes
Played on a squeaking piece of straw ?

DAMETAS.

How would you like to try a match with me ?
I'll wager you this heifer. Don't refuse.
Twice every day she cometh to be milked,
Although she suckles twins — and that's the
truth.

What stakes will you put up ?

MENALCAS.

I would not dare
Pledge any of the flock. You know I have

A father and a step-dame shrew at home,
And night and morn they both count o'er the
 herd,
And he or she the kids. But I will stake
What you yourself will say is of more worth —
Since you would play the fool — these beech-
 wood bowls.
Alcimedon their maker carved them well,
And twined them by his ready chisel's skill
With pliant ivy pale which half conceals
The scattered clusters of the ripening fruit.
And in this wreath of leaves two figures stand.
The one is Conon — but I have forgot
The other's name. Who was it with his rod
Marked out the circle of the sky for men,
Who told the time for reaping, and, in spring,
When toil-bowed farmers might go forth to plow?
My lips have never touched these precious cups,
But carefully I've kept them laid away.

DAMOCETAS.

The same Alcimedon made me a pair
And decked their handles with acanthus leaves.
Within stands Orpheus who with power divine
Made e'en the woods his passive followers.
My lips have never touched these precious cups,
But carefully I've kept them laid away!

Yet, if upon the heifer you will look,
You'll have no reason, sure, your cups to praise.

MENALCAS.

You shall not thus evade me. I will come
Wherever you may call. But let some one
Be near to hear our contest. Look you, there
Palæmon comes and he can be the judge.
You soon shall see I'll put a stop to this
Your senseless challenging of men to sing!

DAMCETAS.

If you can sing at all, come on. In me
There'll be no hanging back, none I evade.
Palæmon, lay these strains deep in your mind,
The wager, neighbor, is by no means small.

PALÆMON.

Say on; we'll seat us on this velvet turf.
Now all the fields are verdant, every tree
Is bursting into bloom, and woods put on
Their garb of leafy green. Yes, now, say I,
It is the fairest season of the year.
Begin, Damcetas, then Menalcas sing,
In strains alternate which the muses love.

DAMÆTAS.

With Jupiter my praises shall begin.
All things are full of Jove. He cherishes
The fields, he loves my simple shepherd-songs.

MENALCAS.

Apollo cares for me, and in return,
Ye laurels and ye hyacinths so red,
I yield to him the sweetest things he loves.

DAMÆTAS.

Oft Galatéea tries, the sportive maid,
To hit me with an apple, then she'll run
Among the willows just as if to hide.

MENALCAS.

My favorite, Amyntas, is not coy,
But comes without a call; e'en Delia
Is known no better to our dogs at home.

DAMÆTAS.

I have a gift all ready for my love,
For I have found the spot and marked it well
Where wood-doves build on high their pretty
 nests.

MENALCAS.

And I have sent, all that I could today,
Ten golden apples from a woodland tree.
Tomorrow I will pick as many more.

DAMÆTAS.

How many and endearing are the words
My Galatéea speaks? Waft some of them
On high, ye breezes, for the gods to hear!

MENALCAS.

What doth it profit though I am not scorned,
Amyntas, if, while you pursue the chase,
I must remain behind to tend the nets?

DAMÆTAS.

Iollas, 'tis my birthday. Send me, please,
Your lovely Phyllis. When I offer up
The harvest sacrifice, then come yourself!

MENALCAS.

"'Tis Phyllis whom I love the best of all,"
(Iollas says) "and when I go away,
Farewell, she cries, Iollas sweet, farewell!"

DAMÆTAS.

A baneful thing to sheep-folds is the wolf;
So too are showers upon the ripening grain;

Or winds among the trees ; but worst of all
The wrath of Amaryllis launched at me.

MENALCAS.

Delightful is the rain on new-sown corn ;
To lambs when newly weaned, the arbuté-tree ;
And willow to the sickly sheep ; to me,
Amyntas dearer far than all the world.

DAMÆTAS.

There's one who loves my songs however rude ;
O muses, rear ye as a sacrifice
A victim for your reader, Pollio.

MENALCAS.

And this same Pollio composes strains
Unrivalled ; rear ye, then, a bullock strong
That well can butt, and paw the ground in rage.

DAMÆTAS.

May every one who loves thee, Pollio,
Ascend to heights of glory thou hast won ;
Let honey flow in streams and incense rare
Distil for him from every bramble bush.

MENALCAS.

If any hate not Bævius obscure,
Let them descend to thy strains, Mævius !

A thing absurd as yoking to the plow
A pair of foxes, getting milk from rams !

DAMCETAS.

Ye boys, out gathering chaplets and the fruit
Of strawberry vines low trailing o'er the ground,
Run, run, a snake is lurking in the grass !

MENALCAS

Go not too far, my sheep, the river's brink
Is but a risky spot, for see you not
Your foolish leader dries a dripping fleece ?

DAMCETAS.

Drive back your charge now grazing by the
stream,
For in good time, my Tityrus, will I
Up at the fountain safely wash them all.

MENALCAS.

Collect the sheep in some cool spot, my swains.
For if the sun should dry the milk away,
As late it did, to milk them would be vain.

DAMCETAS.

Alas ! alas ! how thin my cattle grow
Amid the fattening vetch ! Love is the cause.
'Tis love consumes them and their masters too.

MENALCAS.

But not for love my creatures waste away.
So weak are they their bones scarce hold them up.
Some evil eye bewitches them, I trow.

DAMÆTAS.

Canst name the place, and if thou tell me true,
Apollo finds an equal, where the sky
Appears no wider than three ells of cloth?

MENALCAS.

Well, tell me in your turn, what land is that
Where flowers spring up marked with the names
of kings,
And lovely Phyllis shall be all your own.

PALÆMON.

It is not in my power to settle this.
You both deserve the stakes, and every one
Who sings the fears of happy love, as well
As he who tells its pangs when unreturned.
Shut up the rills, my lads, the hour is late,
The meads have drunk enough for this one day.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE. POLLIO.

This poem, perhaps the most celebrated of all the eclogues, was long supposed to refer to the coming of the Christ. At the time it was written, however, it was a common belief that a new age was dawning upon the world. Virgil saw the golden opportunity to congratulate Pollio on his consulship and to augur peace and prosperity for the nation from the birth of his son.

O Muses of Sicilia, we would sing
In somewhat loftier strains ; for vineyards green
And humble heather please not all alike.
Yet when we sing of woodland scenes, we pray
The theme may worthy be of Pollio's eye.

The last age of Cumæan song has come
And now the mighty cycle of the years
Begins afresh. Now Justice will return
And Saturn's golden reign. From heaven above
Descends a new and better race of men.
O chaste Diana, look with favor down
Upon the child new born, with whom will end
The age of Iron, and with whom will rise
The Golden age, to bless mankind again.
Then will Apollo reign, the god of light.

Just in thy consulship, thine, Pollio,
This glorious period is ushered in.
The grand procession of the months begins.
With thee as guide, if any taints remain

Of our past wickedness, made harmless now,
They'll free the world from everlasting fear.
This child will be immortalized of men.

Earth's great ones who have found a home in
heaven,

The gods themselves, will know him and be
known

Of him. Trained in the virtues of his sires,
He will establish universal peace.

For thee, O boy, will the spontaneous earth
Yield at thy birth her modest gift of flowers,
Her ivy trailing where the fox-glove grows,
The lotus and acanthus pleasing all.

Then of their own accord the flocks at night
Will from the pastures bring rich stores of milk,
And beasts of prey will never cause them fear.

Thy very cradle will be soothed with flowers.

Then shall the serpent die and every herb
Born to deceive with poison. Everywhere

Assyrian balsam will spring up and thrive ;

And when thou wilt be old enough to read

The deeds of heroes and thy father's praise,

To know what valor means, then, by degrees,

The fields will whiten with the ripening grain,

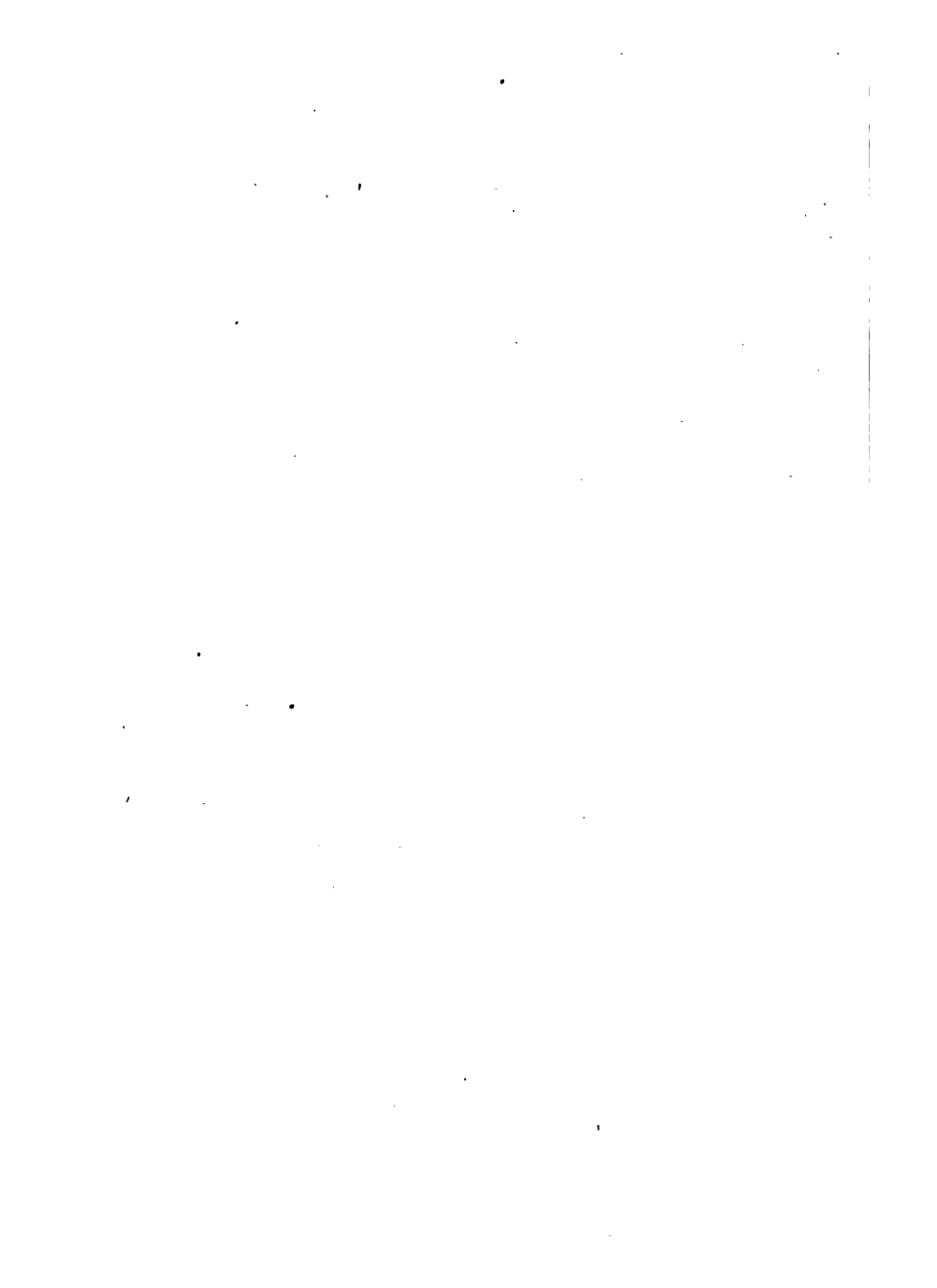
The reddening grape will bend from unpruned
vines,

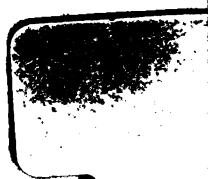
And oaks distil their honey like the dew.

Yet will survive a vestige here and there

Of our old wickedness, to tempt and urge
Mankind to deeds of daring on the waves ;
Still will they fortify their towns, and still
Will plowshares furrow up the willing ground.
A second Tiphys and a second crew
Of Argonauts will sail for unknown lands,
And other wars will rise and once again
Achilles mighty will be sent 'gainst Troy.
But when maturer years make thee a man,
The mariner will sail the sea no more,
The trader's ship no longer carry freight ;
For all lands then will bear all things alike.
The earth will feel the harrow's wounds no more,
The vine no more will dread the pruning-hook.
The sturdy plowman now will loose the yoke
From off the oxen's necks, nor will the wool
Put on its various hues by dyer's art,
But in the meads the ram will stain his fleece
Sometimes a purple, or a saffron hue,
And nibbling sheep, as if spontaneously,
From white to rich vermillion change their coats.
Thus have the Parcæ to their spindles sung,
In sweet accord with the decrees of Fate :
" Spin on, ye happy ages, thus, spin on ! "
Assume thine honors, for the time is come,
Dear offspring of the gods, Jove's progeny !
A universe now greets thee with a nod.
Behold how earth and sea and boundless sky

And all created things rejoice in hope.
Oh, may my closing years be so prolonged,
And inspiration too, as shall suffice
To sing thy glorious deeds ! Then all the bards
Of old cannot with me compare ; not he,
Sweet Orpheus, offspring of Calliope,
Nor Linus famous, fair Apollo's son.
E'en Pan, should he consent to sing with me
In famed Arcadia, his native land,
To shepherd umpires, would yield up the palm.
Begin, sweet babe, to greet her with thy smiles
To whom of late thou broughtst but only pain.
Begin, sweet one, for he on whom at birth
His parents smile not, will unworthy be
Of couch and banquet with immortal gods.





the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* infections has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported as the most common serotype of *S. flexneri* isolated from children with acute colitis [11].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the 1970s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [13].

In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [14]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [15]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [16].

In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [17]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [18]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [19].

In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [20]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [21]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [22].

In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [23]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [24]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [25].

In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [26]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [27]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [28].

In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [29]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [30]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was the most commonly isolated serotype of *S. flexneri* from patients with acute colitis in the United Kingdom [31].